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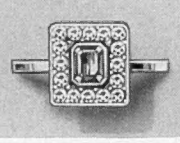

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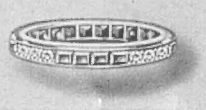

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capital of mad experiment and the birthplace of ephemeral Isms. Take no notice if you find (see inset) an Academy of professors in seven day session over the correct position of an apostrophe.

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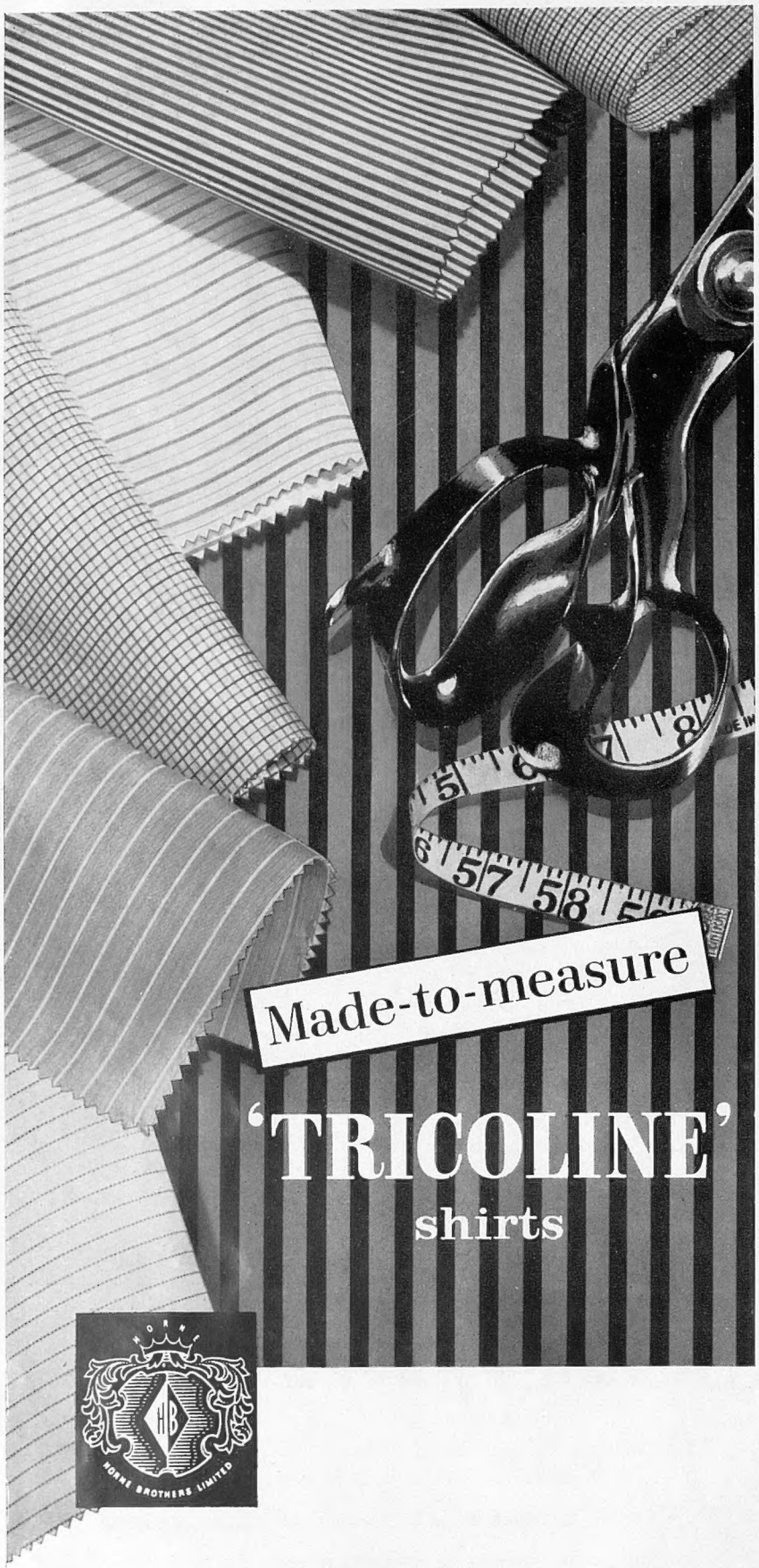

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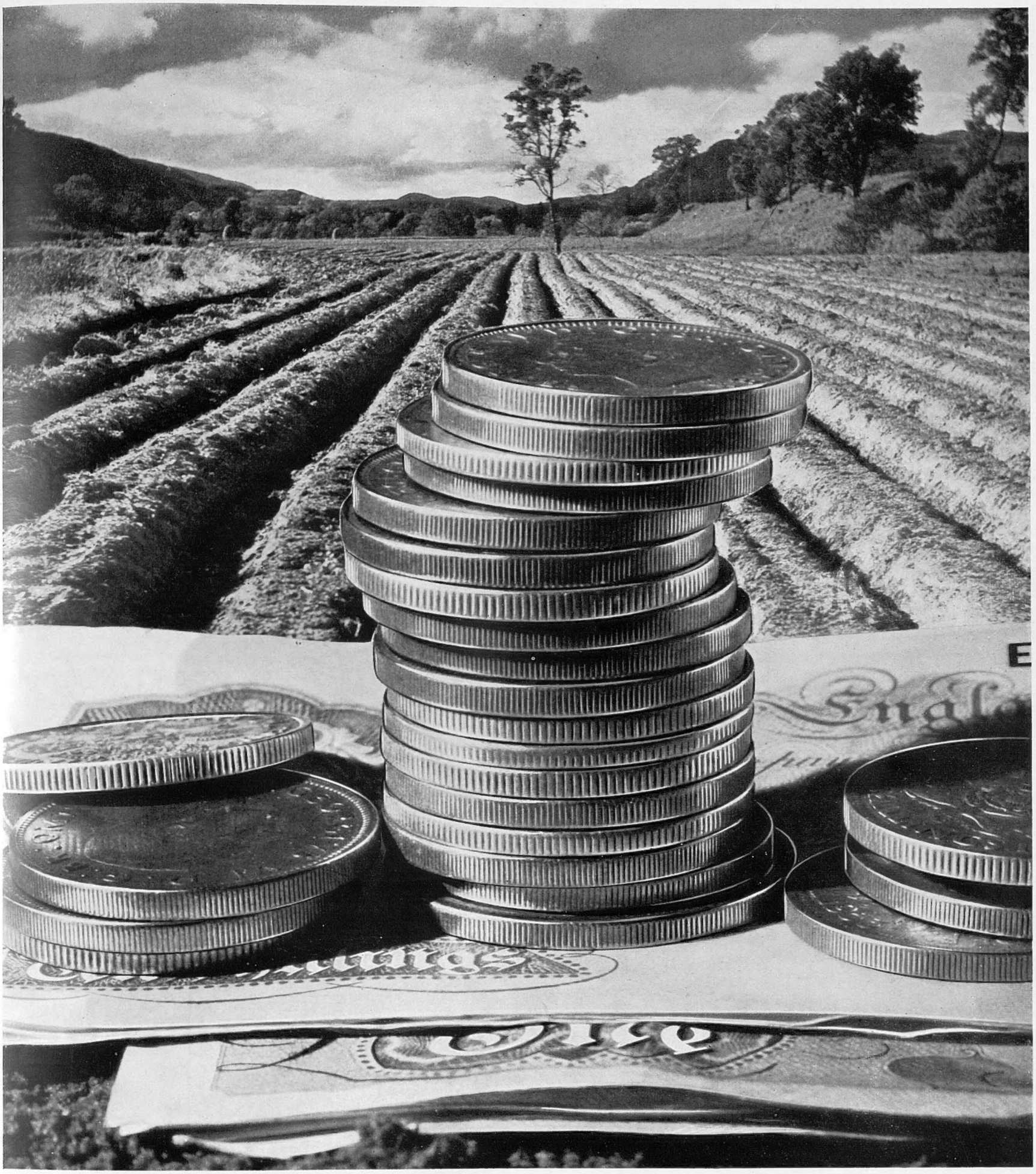

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Volume CCXXV No. 2925

The SPHERE, London, April 21, 1956

The SPHERE

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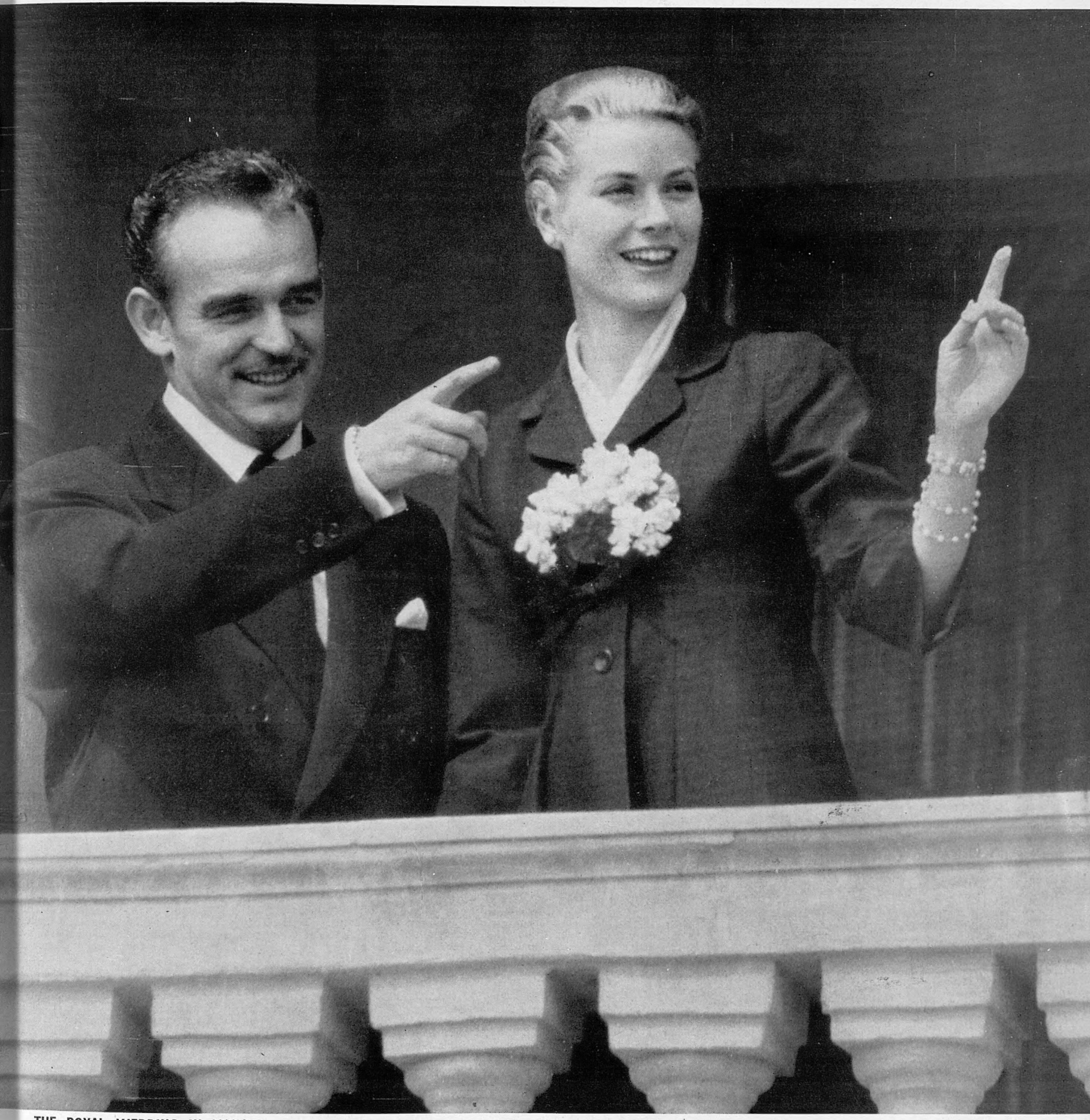

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN MONACO—PRINCE RAINIER AND HIS BRIDE-TO-BE ON THE DAY OF HER ARRIVAL : They stand smiling on the balcony of the Royal Palace and the Prince points over the large crowd which had gathered below. Miss Grace Kelly had just arrived in the Principality in the liner *Constitution* from New York. She was brought ashore by Prince Rainier in his yacht and proceeded to the Royal Palace, where she was to stay until the wedding last Wednesday.

A crowd of over 20,000 people gathered to welcome Miss Grace Kelly when she arrived in Monaco for her wedding with Prince Rainier. As the liner *Constitution*, which brought her from New York, entered the Bay of Hercules, off Monaco, in the morning sunlight, the Prince sailed out to meet her in his 340-ton British-built yacht *Deo Juvante II*. He was followed by a convoy of launches carrying journalists and photographers. The liner and the yacht came together and a gangway was lowered between them. Miss Kelly and members of her family walked down to the yacht and were greeted by the Prince. When the yacht reached the quayside, continued cheering broke out from the dense mass of spectators as Monegasque officials and others went aboard to welcome the bride. Half an hour later Miss Kelly, carrying her poodle, went ashore and was driven by the Prince to the Royal Palace. After luncheon, they appeared on the balcony and waved and smiled to the cheering crowd below. Later that day the Prince took up residence, until the wedding, at his villa at Cap Ferrat, which is across the border in France. (Further pictures on pp. 58-59.)

Postage—Inland, 2½d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.

INDUSTRIAL BRITAIN IN PICTURES

THE P.R.A. OPENS AN EXHIBITION AT CHELSEA : Sir Albert Richardson is seen (left) viewing some of the paintings in the exhibition entitled " Industrial Britain " which he opened at the Chenil Gallery, in the King's Road, Chelsea. It is sponsored by Richard Thomas and Baldwins Ltd. Sir Ernest Lever is accompanying the P.R.A. There are 220 paintings, water-colours and lithographs on show.

COMMEMORATING LONDON'S FIREMEN

THE LONDON FIRE SERVICES MEMORIAL IS UNVEILED : The Secretary of State for the Home Department, Major Lloyd-George, is laying a wreath at the memorial after its unveiling and dedication at the headquarters of the London Fire Brigade on the Albert Embankment. The memorial, set in a recess, takes the form of a hand-engraved brass device of St. Paul's Cathedral set amid flames and smoke, to symbolise fire attacks on London. It is flanked on each side by cherry-veneered panels inscribed with the 414 names of men and women of the Service who lost their lives in the War.

A MEDAL FOR AN ARCHITECT

DR. WALTER GROPIUS RECEIVES THE ROYAL GOLD MEDAL FOR ARCHITECTURE FOR 1956: The seventy-two-year-old German-born architect (centre) is seen wearing the medal after the presentation by Mr. C. H. Aslin, President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, in London. On the left is the wife of Dr. Gropius. Two other gold medallists and past presidents, Sir Percy Thomas and Sir Howard Robertson, accompanied Dr. Gropius to the platform for the award.

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A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Softening Up.—Mr. Malenkov—one of the most popular figures in Britain in the last weeks—successfully completed his mission on the eve of the arrival of Messrs. Bulganin and Khrushchev and bodyguard. His task was to soften up the front and his success was *electric*. We may be sure that the pattern will be now followed by his leaders, who will equal his popularity among the " common men " in this country, and that the ground gained and prepared by Malenkov will be held and cultivated by B. and K. The " cult of the individual " may mean anything or nothing, but the cultivation of individual common men is the key to popularity by foreign statesmen visiting these shores. Malenkov's autograph became more popular than Len Hutton's or Miss Kelly's, and those of B. and K., if opportunities offer, will be as prized and as common among schoolchildren and other hunters and collectors. And that is very well. The right atmosphere is being created. At Lancaster House other softening-up parties from Russia have been less successfully at work, but the big pair from the Kremlin may fairly feel that the watching world sees them flying in as doves with olive-branches, and if they do not return to Russia with big bunches of grapes, it will not be *their* fault. It will be ours—as usual. The common man in Britain has been well softened up. As a European statesman recently remarked : " The Russians are clever." I think the reason why their successes in diplomacy are more apparent than those of Western Powers is that the older diplomacy underrates their shrewdness and is inclined, in private, to shake its head over the misfortune that Russia is still 100 years behind the West in civilisation. East and West don't speak the same diplomatic language. Still, they have something on us with their modern Esperanto, and it won't surprise me if they come out best from this famous visit which we have so broadmindedly extended and confirmed. With another match struck in the powder magazine at Gaza, even a child's picture of a dove with an olive branch is welcome.

Example in Restraint?—The shocking idea put forward by a Sunday sensational sleuth that on strong pressure from the Opposition, or as a party bargain, the Government intends to increase the emoluments of M.P.s again, and soon, is one which I must dismiss as premature or exaggerated. Even Sunday sensational sleuths are occasionally wrong. I think, if true, the event might bring down in ruin, not the Government only, but the whole edifice of Big Ben. We should learn the naked truth about Parliament in a flash. The warnings, the appeals for restraint-by-the-workers, the imminence of our economic peril, the vital need to tighten our belts ! The last scales would fall from our eyes. We should learn the worth of words, warnings and moral saws from the platforms. The " free-for-all " would be acknowledged from the top. " Tighten your belt while I undo mine." Only last week I expressed surprise (*Is there a crisis ?*) that the Government has, as yet, asked for no token example in restraint and economy from the top—from the Monarchy, the Ministers, the so-called leaders at Westminster and Whitehall. I am sure many M.P.s find themselves hard put to it to meet their expenses. They are not alone as a class in this form of hardship. I could name (with noughts on) a number of other sufferers from every rank. No, the idea is preposterous. There *is* a crisis ; or if there is not, a proposal to increase M.P.s' emoluments now would bring one which would steal the headlines.

K.G., O.M., C.H.—Lord Attlee has become a Knight of the Garter and now shares with Sir Winston the rare distinction of these three major orders. Of the last dozen Premiers, seven have received the distinction, some before and some after the bestowal became the sole responsibility of the Sovereign. Lord Attlee's leg is only the second Socialist leg to buckle this garter on. Lord Addison's leg was long unique. Lord Attlee, therefore, if he has by then satisfied the Heralds at the College of Arms, may be installed with Sir Anthony and Lord Iveagh at the traditional ceremony in St. George's, Windsor, in June. I hope no Socialists will gird at him for accepting a new " ribbon to stick in his cap " (" the lost leader "). If any man deserves and should accept the highest honour his Sovereign can bestow, it is a modern Prime Minister of Britain. But even now, when it is regarded at last as a reward for merit, ex-Premiers find themselves in mixed company among smaller fry. Nevertheless, Socialist V.I.P.s have been very hard to net and not only on the score of expense. The recently reiterated demand by a trades union that their members should accept no titles of any description indicates that the expectation of party criticism of any such acceptance by a Socialist may be a strong deterrent. I am quite sure that—trivial as the question is among so many vital and grave issues—the whole sprawling range of honours and rewards is bound to come up for root-and-branch revision without a decade. It may be a very oblique and unimportant item on the new Socialist agenda for securing " Equality," but I should be surprised indeed if the next Socialist Government does not show a desire to prune the Edwardian exuberance of Sir Anthony in the bestowal of quite unnecessary hereditary titles. Earlier Socialist Premiers, for example, strictly confined the bestowal of the Baronetcy to the Lord Mayor of London. Sir Anthony has broadcast hereditary titles in his short term as Premier, and even now, I suppose, will be considering lists of candidates for such honours next June. Why don't he wait to reward the faithful until the nation has something to crow over and reward ?

Drink.—I am not a rabid teetotaller. A weak stomach and a weak bank balance happily control my recourse to alcohol, and I find no difficulty in showing toleration on the Bench with applications for extension of hours and full " on-licences." I feel no surprise that most men have stronger heads and stomachs than I, but the puzzle remains with me to-day that all over the country men and women in all ranks manage to consume and, presumably, to pay for so much alcohol. Visit the bars of any hotel in any of our Midland and Northern manufacturing cities and invite the cynical barman to " put you in the picture." He will tell you that day after day the same clientele of businessmen assemble there and drink steadily till closing time. He will tell you that some of them spend as much as £7 a day in the bar, treating and drinking. Much of it probably is " on the (business) house " they work for. Drinking and business contacts are one and the same thing. You have only to read a modern novel or crime novel to compute the importance of the " double-Scotch " in the development of the plot. Hero and heroine, villain and sleuth, chapter after chapter, make drinking their principal occupation and even illicit love scenes take second place. The take the more innocent types. Country life in England is dull enough to-day. Except at week-ends it is inhabited by babies and septuagenarians, apart from the busy agriculturalists. Naturally enough, our daughters can't endure it and find jobs in London as typists and earn just enough to pay for their share of a flat in moderate discomfort. But fashion demands that the smallest effort at entertaining must be warmed up with cocktails and other drinks. And with gin at 34s. 6d. a bottle, how the devil do they pay for it ? And how is it that those of them who can't make a regular habit of it, from seventeen years old upwards can drink down at week-ends as much of it as is offered free, without apparent ill-effect ? In the bad old days when gin cost no more than lemonade to-day the " lower classes " had an addiction for it which created a social evil. To-day excessive drinking is as prevalent as excessive smoking and is taken for granted. It is the fashion of the age in all classes and causes no anxiety to modern governments. The nation spends a shocking proportion of its income on drink but the Exchequer's rake-off is essential.

Drunk in Charge.—It is, therefore, no time for a government to embrace the theory that prevention is better than cure. Economic considerations take precedence of moral. And that brings me

FROM WESTMINSTER TO ACCRA

A STONE FROM THE MOTHER PARLIAMENT FOR THE GOLD COAST LEGISLATIVE BUILDING : At Westminster, the Gold Coast Commissioner in London, Mr. T. M. Kodwo Mercer (left), receives from Mr. John Hare, Minister of State, Colonial Office (centre), a piece of stone from the Palace of Westminster which had been formally handed over by the Minister of Works, Mr. Patrick Buchan-Hepburn (right). The stone, emblazoned with the Royal coat-of-arms, and weighing half a ton, is being shipped to Accra to be built into the Gold Coast Legislative Building. It will commemorate the ties between the United Kingdom and the Gold Coast.

another drink puzzle. Parliament in framing its *traffic* laws does exceptionally accept the theory that prevention is better than cure. An individual may go to the devil in his own way, but if in his gadarene progress he may become a danger to others, the Law steps in. It is one of the most constant puzzles to lay magistrates that the Law does not, in summonses for being drunk in charge of a motor-car, differentiate between the drunkard erratically roaring down the high road on one rim and the drunkard "sleeping it off" on a lay-by or in a public parking-place, slumped at the wheel or even in the passenger seat of his car. The latter is a "*potential*" danger to the public, but he is held to be as guilty as the juggernaut roaring across the highway. And the evidence of drinks taken when such cases come to court is a constant puzzle and surprise to old-fashioned magistrates. The lady defendant in the dock strenuously denies that she had drunk more than seven—eight at most—gin-and-tonics, since opening hour. The male defendant puts his achievement as no more than his "usual," eight Guinnesses and a couple of double-Scotches. Old Mr. Muddlecombe, J.P., groping in the dark, convinces himself that his heart must not prove so hard as his victim's head, and that his victim's purse is remarkably better-lined than his own. He is a volunteer of course, lacking salary and entertainment allowance, and he wonders whether a man whose alcoholic indulgence is necessarily confined to a bottle of *Vin Rosé* to last a week, is equipped to deal justly with such cases as these.

Costly and Numerous.—The Monaco wedding at the moment is of more general interest than the Gaza Strip or the Russian visit. The pick of the world's reporters are covering Monaco, for the newspaper world understands its duty and basic trust to give the peoples what they want. It is colour they want, not corpses. And we are getting colour to make our mouths water. The presents are "costly and numerous." For the Prince a £7,000 Rolls-Royce, silver-plated, from the nation. From Parliament a £30,000 diamond and ruby necklace for Miss Kelly and a contribution of £100,000 towards the cost of the wedding. It won't all be "paying-out" for the loyal Monégasques. The money will flow both ways. The Principality anticipates that the wedding guests and sightseers will make up on the swings what is spent on the roundabouts. It is money well spent and propaganda shrewdly planted. All the world loves a lover; when a merry maiden marries, sorrow goes and pleasure tarries—for a while. And when the merry maiden is a lovely film star and the lover a prince in a fairy tale, is it likely that the peoples who sit in darkness and long for light and colour, will give a glance towards arid Gaza or blasted Montebello?

Isolation Land.—Iceland, as she is entitled to do, has decided to demand the speed-up of withdrawal of American troops from her N.A.T.O. bases. Those troops have been tolerated in Iceland since 1951, except by the Communists. To-day, of all the Icelandic political parties, only the Independence Party wants the Americans to remain. Political parties and terms can be obscure in Iceland as elsewhere. It is hard to blame Iceland for pursuing isolation. We could do with a little more isolation ourselves. Integration with other nations brings us more trouble than joy and peace. The Icelanders have for years enjoyed a sharp attack of isolationism and its gravity and reality are best seen in the reason given for the majority decision to demand withdrawal of the American troops. It is due to the "more serene attitude in international affairs since the Geneva top-level Conference." This "attitude" has escaped notice except in Iceland, and confirms that Iceland's isolation from the rest of the world is already 100 per cent. Of course, political isolation and economic isolation are not quite the same thing. Icelanders don't want to live on fish alone. They need to trade their surplus fish for harder wares, and for that reason their isolationism must be less than 100 per cent. There must be a channel of communication leading East or West. A few years ago it led West. At the moment it stretches out East.

National Trust's Trusteeship.—The little church in West Sussex which I attend (not, I fear, with utter regularity) is old and of reasonable architectural interest. It was a hunting chapel in King John's time. Its chief charm to passers-by lay in its small size and its setting. It lay behind a great field which, formerly a market garden, became, year after year in early summer, a great sea of lupins. So strange and beautiful was the sight that a lady resident who owned the field handed it over to the National Trust, with a small endowment for its preservation. In the war the field was ploughed up and a small residue of lupins was consigned to a corner of it. Time has passed. The income from the endowment is still drawn and this year the Trust is "satisfied" by a narrow belt of lupins at the eastern end of the field, which any passer-by can easily despoil. The church is no longer seen across a sea of lupins; the whole object of the lady's bounty is set at nought. No doubt there is every excuse for putting to practical use every available acre of agricultural land in England, and local interests might perhaps be satisfied with a reasonable compromise. The only acceptable one would be to re-plant and preserve the lupins along the entire northern end of the field bordering the churchyard in as wide a strip as was thought reasonable. Thus the church would once more rise behind its foreground of lupins. The present "compromise" is a total breach of trust and the National Trust appears to be quite satisfied to take the cash and let the trusteeship go.

THE OLD STAGER

ROYALTY AT TWO WEDDINGS AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER

THE WEDDING OF THE QUEEN MOTHER'S NEPHEW AT ST. MARGARET'S: Captain Fergus Bowes Lyon, Scots Guards, and his bride, the former Mary P. McCorquodale, leaving the church after their marriage, which was attended by the Queen, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and the Princess Royal. Their guard of honour is formed by Warrant Officers and colour sergeants of the 1st Battalion, Scots Guards, in full-dress uniform. Captain Bowes Lyon is heir-presumptive to the Earl of Strathmore and the bride is the younger daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Norman McCorquodale, of St. Boswells, Roxburghshire, and the niece of Lord McCorquodale. She was attended by one page and seven child bridesmaids. Officiating at the service was the Dean of Windsor, and he was assisted by Canon Charles Smyth.

On left—
THE QUEEN ARRIVES FOR THE WEDDING: She is wearing a Royal blue coat over a floral silk dress, and a pink petal hat. The bridegroom is the Queen's cousin.

TWO OF THE YOUNG ATTENDANTS OF THE BRIDE OF VISCOUNT BOYNE: Viscount Lascelles is wearing a replica of the early nineteenth-century uniform of the Grenadier Guards, and the Hon. Gillian Forbes is dressed in white nylon organza over white taffeta. They were among the attendants at the wedding of Viscount Boyne and the former Miss Rosemary A. Stucley, at St. Margaret's.

On right—
THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVE THE CHURCH: Viscount Boyne is a great-nephew of the Princess Royal, who was present at the wedding. The bride comes from Devon.

THE LONG-AWAITED MOMENT: The Royal Yacht, in which Prince Rainier is bringing Miss Grace Kelly from the liner *Constitution*, is berthed in Monaco. The quay is decorated with Monegasque and American flags. *On right*—Miss Kelly, wearing a large white hat and carrying her poodle, comes ashore. Prince Rainier follows her.

A Royal wedding is always an event. When the bride of a prince happens to be a prominent American film actress, added attraction is given to the occasion. The vest-pocket State of Monaco has provided the world with this during the past week and the 350 acres which comprise the Principality have been crammed with photographers, journalists and eager spectators.

The old town of Monaco itself, and the two other communities within the Principality, La Condamine and famous Monte Carlo, started their unique celebrations from the moment Miss Grace Kelly arrived from America for her wedding to Prince Rainier. The sun shone and thousands cheered as the Prince brought his future Princess ashore and drove her to the Palace. There was some criticism of Miss Kelly's hat—it was said to be so big that people could not see her properly—but this was soon forgotten in the atmosphere in which everyone was intent upon enjoying the spectacle of a Royal wedding. The towns were copiously decorated—American and Monegasque flags and the monogram "R.G." predominating. Contrary to popular belief, the last does not stand for "Rainier and Grace." The G. is for Goyon de Matignon-Grimaldi, the name of the Royal House of which the Prince is a member.

Smiles and Cheers in Monaco

Miss Grace Kelly is Given a Great Welcome when She Arrives in the Principality to Marry Prince Rainier

ON THE ROYAL YACHT: Prince Rainier and his fiancée are all smiles when they meet on the Royal Yacht in Monaco Bay, a week before their marriage. The sun shone brilliantly as the yacht proceeded into the harbour to the cheers of a large crowd of some 20,000 people.

"WELCOME TO YOUR NEW HOME": Among the first to greet Miss Grace Kelly on Monegasque soil were this boy and girl, who were dressed in national costume. They presented her with a bouquet. From the quay Prince Rainier drove her to the Royal Palace above the town.

MEETING THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD: In a gallery of the Royal Palace of Monaco, Prince Rainier introduces members of the Household to their future Royal mistress. In the right background is Father Tucker, the Private Chaplain to the Prince.

BENEATH SUNNY SKIES: On the morning of her arrival, Miss Kelly stands with the Prince as they sail into the harbour. The French customs examination, obligatory for those entering the Principality, was waived for Miss Kelly and members of her family who accompanied her.

News Review

A Pictorial Survey of Recent Events at Home and Abroad

SOVIET LEADERS LEAVE FOR BRITAIN: Mr. Khrushchev and Marshal Bulganin leave Moscow by rail to begin their tour in this country. After a 28-hour train journey to Kaliningrad and on to the naval base at Baltisk, they sailed for Portsmouth in the Russian cruiser *Ordzhonikidze*. Western correspondents were not allowed to accompany the party from Moscow, but the Naval Attaché, Captain Adrian Northey, sailed with the Russian leaders on board the cruiser. An advance party of officials arrived ahead in London by plane and was met by the Ambassador, Mr. Malik.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL PRESIDES AT THE ANNUAL GRAND HABITATION MEETING OF THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE: He receives a great ovation as, accompanied by Lady Churchill, he walks to the platform in the Royal Albert Hall. This was his first public appearance since his holiday. Sir Winston asked his audience to "sustain and support our Conservative Government in the hard and unpopular measures they have deemed it their duty to take . . . ."

THE PATH OF PROGRESS IN PERU: A broad track cut through the Peruvian jungle will carry a new oil pipeline to one of the recently built refineries which are part of the country's oil development scheme. The work is being carried out by the American concern, the Blue Goose Oil Company, which is a subsidiary of the Texas Oil Company. The oil will eventually be shipped by sea after the pipeline journey from the inaccessible regions of the interior to the refineries and storage plants on the coast.

SOVIET-INDIAN TRADE AGREEMENT: Shri Bhoothalingam, Secretary of the Indian Ministry of Iron and Steel (third from right), signs a contract for the supply of Russian equipment to the Bhilai steel works in Central India. Mr. Khlebnikov, who signed on behalf of the Soviet Ministry of Iron and Steel, is seated on his right. The equipment, which will cost about £42,000,000, is on credit repayable in twelve equal annual instalments.

A TRIBUTE TO THE FALLEN IN SAIGON: Officers and men of the French Army and the Vietnamese forces stand in tribute before a memorial to those who fell in the fight against the Communists in Indo-China. The French Expeditionary Corps is about to leave the country, but large numbers of French settlers have chosen to remain behind.

WORKERS DEMONSTRATE IN COPENHAGEN: Workers gather outside Christiansborg Castle, the seat of the Danish Parliament, in protest against the recent law forcing them to accept mediation in the present labour conflict.

THE ITALIAN PRESIDENT INAUGURATES THE MILAN FAIR: Formations of troops and large crowds outside the flag-decorated Nations' Building (on the right) await the arrival of the Italian President, Signor Gronchi, to open the thirty-fourth International Fair in Milan. Thirty-four nations presenting more than 13,000 products are represented at the traditional Italian fair this year. The President of the Republic made a tour of the fair after the official opening.

On left—
SIR JOHN HARDING TOURS CYPRUS: The Governor of the Island and other members of his party are seen outside the school at Vassilia during a visit to the village. The Turkish schoolmaster is among the group. On the roof of the school, which flies the union flag, are the children. This was one of the calls made by Sir John Harding during his visit to centres of disturbances between Greeks and Turks.

On right—
THE TATE GALLERY LOSES A PAINTING: An agency photographer took this picture of a young man coming down the steps of the Tate with what was thought to be the Berthe Morisot canvas "Jour d'Été," which had disappeared from the gallery. Members of the National Union of Students in Dublin later claimed that the painting would be brought to Ireland and presented to the Irish people. The picture was later returned to the Irish Embassy where it was handed back to Sir John Rothenstein, the Director of the Tate.

PASSENGERS ESCAPE FROM DAMAGED FLYING-BOAT IN GENOA HARBOUR: They are gathered on one wing of a British *Solent* flying-boat while waiting to be rescued. When the machine alighted it listed dangerously because of a hole in a float and one wing-tip touched the water. In response to a radio call coastguards sent out a cutter which towed the flying-boat to its mooring place.

WRECKED AIRLINER IS RAISED IN PUGET SOUND, WASHINGTON: The four-engined Northwest Orient Airlines *Stratocruiser*, which crashed earlier this month, is raised from the water. It had crashed a few minutes after take-off with the loss of five lives. The tail section was torn off in the lifting operations.

Egyptian Raids in Israel

The Secretary-General of the United Nations Confers with Colonel Nasser and the Egyptian Foreign Minister

After his meeting in Cairo with the Egyptian Prime Minister, Colonel Nasser, the Secretary-General of the United Nations, Mr. Hammarskjöld, reported to the Security Council that both Israel and Egypt had agreed to refrain from retaliatory measures. At the same time, however, the attacks of the Egyptian Fedayeen Commandos in Israeli territory continued and the violation of Israeli frontiers by Egyptian Air Force planes resulted in a Vampire jet fighter being brought down. Mr. Ben-Gurion, the Prime Minister of Israel, at once pressed for a guarantee of the Arab good faith.

The attacks of the Fedayeen have been widespread throughout Israel and have been directed chiefly against rail and road communications and the vital water installations and pumping stations. Attacks against civilians have also occurred, resulting in the deaths of several people. One of the Egyptian gangs infiltrating over the border murdered a teacher and three pupils of the Shafrir School while they were at prayer. In Cairo Colonel Nasser claimed that all the commando groups had been ordered to return. An Egyptian spokesman said that the raids were in retaliation for the Israeli shelling of the Gaza strip.

THE UNITED NATIONS MEDIATOR IN CAIRO: From left to right at a conference in Cairo are, General Burns, the Truce Supervisor; Mr. Hammarskjöld, Colonel Nasser, and Dr. Fawzi, the Egyptian Foreign Minister. The meeting was to allow the Secretary-General of the United Nations to unfold his proposals for a Middle East settlement.

THE UNITED NATIONS ON THE SCENE: A joint team of observers and Israeli officers examines sticks of gelignite left by retreating Egyptian Commandos.

ISRAELI SECURITY MEASURES: One of the Egyptian Fedayeen Commandos who have been operating in Israeli territory is questioned after being taken prisoner by a security patrol.

EGYPTIAN SABOTAGE IN ISRAEL: Egyptian "suicid squads" are charged with dynamiting this hole in the side of a water-pumping station.

CIVILIAN TRUCKS ATTACKED: The driver of this overturned vegetable truck was wounded when Egyptian infiltrators attacked him on the Faluja-Beersheba Road. The attack was one of a series which took place on Israel territory following the violation of the frontier.

A RAILWAY LINE DYNAMITED: An Israeli official inspects a section of the line between Tel Aviv and Beersheba which was blown up by Egyptian infiltrators. Many of the attacks were directed against communications and water installations.

THE PILOT'S VIEW IN APPROACHING AN AIRFIELD IN THE MOUNTAINOUS JUNGLES OF ECUADOR: The airstrip, which lies in the centre of the picture, is on the south bank of the Rio Arajuno. Constructed in 1942 and 1943, it has a gravel surface and can take aircraft of types up to the standard of the Bristol Freighter. The Arajuno oil camp is near it. The mountainous country around the landing strip of the airfield presents many problems for pilots, especially in tropical storms. Surface access is by trails or river boats. In the Tropics are many small airfields which can be used by freighter aircraft and even by airliners.

PROBLEM LANDINGS

Small Airstrips, Often in Magnificent Tropical Surroundings, Provide Only Limited Space for Pilots to Land their Aircraft

By WING COMMANDER G. G. PETTY, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C.

AIRFIELDS are of many sizes and are known by a variety of names. There are airports, aerodromes, landing grounds, airstrips and, in the plain style of the United States Air Force, just "fields."

At one end of the scale are the vast areas of concrete runways which comprise a modern airport. One day, it is hoped, vertical take-off will make such constructions unnecessary. But for the present such systems must remain in the realm of the experimental. In three or four years' time the era of the transatlantic jet passenger airliner, able to fly from London to New York non-stop, will be with us. The intercontinental versions of the Douglas D.C.8 and the Boeing 707 are already taking shape. Runway requirements for these 130-ton giants will be extreme and lengths of two miles or more of concrete, about 1½ ft. thick, will be necessary to meet take-off requirements and to stand up to the tremendous wheel loads.

At the other end of the scale are the 200-yard strips from which Pioneer and Auster aircraft in Malaya are doing such a magnificent job of work. Hacked with extreme effort out of the jungle, surfaced with packed earth and then laboriously tufted by hand with coarse grass, these little strips can only be used safely by aircraft specially designed for short take-off and landing runs and able to climb and descend steeply.

During the last war thousands of small airfields were constructed all over the world—many in tropical areas—to meet the need for bases to supply the allied forces and from which to wage the war in the air. Built to meet a particular military situation, a number of them now have no military or commercial significance.

Normally, in runway construction, the most widely used material is concrete. But wartime engineers had to make them from materials close at hand. For coastal airfields in the Far East, crushed coral, often covered with earth, was a favourite material. The airfields of Tafuna and Aitutaki are instances of this form of construction. In other cases, pierced steel planking or P.S.P., one of the most widely used constructional materials and, for that matter, surely one of the most intractable, was laid on top of crushed coral. Finschhafen, in New Guinea, a well-known base in the Pacific War, and now used by Qantas, the Australian airline, is an example.

What are the problems of operating aircraft from this class of airfield situated in the tropics, and often with only one runway? Although some facets can be more intense, the problems are, for the most part, no different from the ones which face those whose business or pleasure it is to fly elsewhere in the world. However, winds of hurricane force, torrential rain and heaped cumulo-nimbus clouds can present local difficulties. Then, if unlucky or unwary enough to be flying, the airman must call on all his reserves of skill and resourcefulness to achieve a safe landing.

Not for him are the intricate electronic aids to approach and landing or the complicated traffic patterns and control procedures which bedevil the life of the commercial pilot of to-day operating in and out of our major airports. If navigation aids are available, they are usually very simple; a radio beacon or radio range

(*Continued on following page*)

A LANDING STRIP IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC: Coconut plantations lie on both sides of the runway at the civil aerodrome on the north-west corner of Rarotonga, in the Cook Islands. The airfield, which is 20 ft. above sea level, is twelve years old and until 1952 it was the eastern terminal of the New Zealand South Pacific Regional Air Service, operating with DC 3s. However, since then flying-boats have been employed on the route and to-day the airport has no regular users. There are still customs, immigration and passenger reception facilities for the 5,000-yards-long runway, and it is the type of airfield to which the unscheduled operator—the "merchantman of the air"—is prepared to carry passengers or freight. Besides the hills, trees, rising to heights of 100 ft. round the runway, present obstructions.

THE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT IN JAMAICA: It is on the narrow peninsula of Palisadoes, four miles out from the centre of the city of Kingston, the harbour of which is seen behind the landing grounds. The runways are of asphalt. The airfield was constructed in the war for the Navy. To-day it is used by B.O.A.C., K.L.M. and Pan American airliners.

AN AIRFIELD IN NEW GUINEA WELL KNOWN TO AIRMEN DURING THE WAR: This narrow strip at Finschhafen was often a welcome spectacle to Allied pilots in the long struggle against Japan. It is lapped by the waters of Langamark Bay. The runway, constructed during the war, is of pierced steel and at both ends of it there are overshoots of coral.

Problem Landings

(*Continued from previous page*)

on which to home and then a simple let-down procedure to beneath the clouds, followed by a visual approach.

If only one runway is available, it will usually have been built to face as nearly into the prevailing wind as the local terrain will allow. When the wind blows along the runway the problems of counteracting the tendency to drift or swing are relatively simple. However, when strong winds blow across the runway, landing and taking off is much more difficult, especially if the visibility is reduced by rain. The type of undercarriage fitted to the aircraft then becomes important. Aircraft with tricycle undercarriages, in which the nose wheel can be steered, are best fitted to meet the situation. Aircraft fitted with tail wheels give most trouble and tend to weathercock into the wind. This tendency can be very much reduced if the tail wheel can be locked in the fore and aft position instead of being allowed to castor freely.

Airfields on tropical coasts are subject to high temperature and humidity, atmospheric conditions which reduce engine power. To compensate, payloads may have to be reduced; not a welcome choice for a small operator whose profit margins may already be small and who, under the circumstances, perhaps conveniently forgets the regulations of the appropriate Civil Aviation Authority.

To what use are these airfields put to-day? Some, such as Palisadoes, in Jamaica, are designated International Airfields and are used by the major airlines of the world. Others, such as Aitutaki and Rarotonga, in the Cook Islands, do not have regular users. To one and all, the unscheduled operator, the merchantman of the air, is prepared to carry you or your loads, probably using the ubiquitous Dakota, the aircraft which refuses to die and for which a replacement has yet to be built.

For some of the strips the future will be a period of expansion to meet the needs of the new air routes of the world. Tafuna Airfield, on Tutuila Island, in Samoa, is an example, and construction of larger runways, shortly to begin, will enable it to be used as a stop on Pan American Airways Trans-Pacific route to Australia. Others, however, will just carry on, weathered and patched, playing their respective parts in the spider's web of air routes covering the globe. Yet others, desolate and unused, will be slowly reclaimed by the jungle or the sea.

THE HEADQUARTERS OF AN AERO CLUB IN THE TROPICS: Magenta Airport is near Noumea, in the French possession of New Caledonia. The runway is 3,445 ft. long and 148 ft. wide. In the foreground is the Baie de Magenta. The landing ground is open only during the hours of daylight. At the present time it is used almost exclusively by the members of the local Aero Club.

AN AIRSTRIP IN THE SOLITARY GRANDEUR OF THE PACIFIC: It would be hard to beat the natural beauty of the situation of Aitutaki Aerodrome, in the Cook Islands. It was built as a United States Air Force staging post during the war, but to-day, like the airfield at Rarotonga, it has no regular users. The runways, at right angles to each other, will support aircraft of 70,000 lb. all-up weight. Visibility is generally good, with no fog or mist.

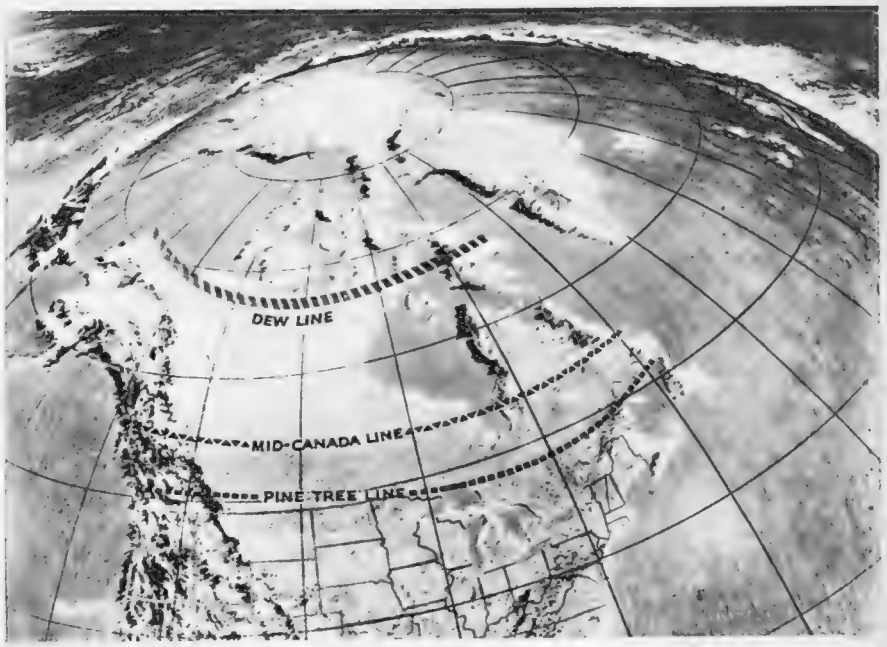
THE AIRPORT FOR THE PLAYGROUND OF THE WEST INDIES: To Montego Bay, in Jamaica, come many airliners carrying those seeking relaxation and pleasure in the surrounding countryside and along the coast, where there are many luxury villas. The runway was built between 1944 and 1946 by the Government of Jamaica on land reclaimed from an area of shallow swamp. It was one of the Governmental projects to relieve unemployment. The airstrip was extended and a lighting system installed four years ago.

TO BECOME A STOPPING POINT ON A TRANS-PACIFIC AIR ROUTE: Tafuna Airport, on Tutuila Island, in Samoa, is an example of a wartime airfield which is being expanded for new air routes. Already used by Pan American Airways on non-scheduled flights, it is being extended so that it can become a stopping point on the America-Australia air route across the Pacific. A new 10,000-ft. airstrip is to be added to the existing runways and this will enable Stratocruisers to land. Additional buildings are to be constructed and new equipment installed by June or July 1957. The landing grounds lie on the edge of a plain densely covered with coconut palms.

A WATCH-TOWER IN THE WILDERNESS: One of the Early Warning Stations which form the radar line across the Arctic frontier stands revealed on a rise somewhere along the 70th parallel. Dozens of stations are arising both north and south of this parallel between Alaska and Baffin Island, as the D.E.W. line progresses.

A Radar Chain in the Arctic

The D.E.W. Line, Stretching from Alaska Across Canada's Northern Frontier to Baffin Island, is Visited by the Press



THE ELECTRONIC DEFENCE OF NORTH AMERICA: This map shows the position of the D.E.W. line, which is being financed by the United States Government, and of two other radar lines which form a defence in depth. The Dominion is paying for the Mid-Canada line.

DRILLING FOR SECURITY: A pneumatic drill crew works on a rock foundation at a D.E.W. line site in the Foxe Basin area. The 3,000-mile-long line is being built under contract by 5,200 civilians mainly from the Dominion.

On right—
BUILDERS IN THE ARCTIC: A construction camp belonging to one of the civilian firms engaged in erecting the radar stations and warehouses lies buried under a mantle of Arctic snow.

The American Government is financing a 3,000-mile-long radar chain which is rapidly rising along the 70th parallel from Alaska to Baffin Island. The cost is expected to be almost £143,000,000. The D.E.W., or Distant Early Warning, line is intended to secure the Northern American continent against enemy air attack by giving adequate warning of the approach of hostile bombers.

Although the line is a military project it is being built under contract by civilian firms who recruit most of their labour from Canada. The question of sovereignty is solved by the Dominion Government retaining all rights over the stations. In fact it can take over operation of the entire line, with the exception of the Alaskan section, if it so wishes. In any case the stations will be manned largely by Canadians who are more accustomed to the rigour of the Arctic weather than are Americans. A joint team of Canadian and American officers will be at each main link in the chain, otherwise the personnel will consist in the main of civilians.

The long chain of radar stations is still far from being complete, but already scores of sites well above the Arctic Circle are being developed and laid out to fill in the gaps between those already completed. For building purposes the line is divided into three sections, Eastern and Western Canada and Alaska, stretching from the rugged and inhospitable mountains of Baffin Island across the Canadian Arctic to the flat monotonous tundra of Alaska.

The main stations at key points along the 3,000-mile-long chain will be equipped with a rotating radar. They will have airstrips, warehouses and plotting rooms capable of supplying the latest information and data to the secondary stations in the same or in other chains. The auxiliary stations will have the same radar facilities as the main stations, but will lack the central information control room for co-ordinating data. Of the three categories of station the third and smallest will be the "gap-filler" sites, consisting of a non-rotating radar set providing an electronic fence or alarm system between the main and auxiliary stations.

The D.E.W. line was envisaged as a supplement to radar chains already existing in both countries. The United States has constructed the Pine Tree radar chain which runs across the continent approximately following the line of the Canadian-American border. The second chain, which is still under construction, is the Mid-Canada line, running roughly along the 55th parallel. All three radar lines will be linked with the air defence systems of the two countries.

Contrasts in the Middle East

Jordan's Strength in the Air; Constructive Development in Iraq; A Quarantine Station for Mecca Pilgrims

KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN DECORATES A BRITISH OFFICER OF THE ARAB LEGION: The King, wearing Jordanian Air Force uniform, shakes the hand of Lieut.-Colonel Dobree-Bell, after he had conferred a decoration on him. Lieut.-Colonel Dobree-Bell is seconded to the Jordanian Air Force and is one of the few British officers left in Jordan. This ceremony followed the display of the Royal Jordanian Air Force over the airfield at Amman, the first display ever given by this force. A large crowd of spectators saw the show. Many of the aeroplanes in the Jordanian Air Force are British-built.

WATCHING THE AIR DISPLAY IN AMMAN: From left are Ibrahim Pasha Hashim, President of the Council of Notables; Major-General Rady Innab, commanding the Arab Legion; and Ahmed Bey Tarawney, Speaker of the Council of Representatives.

ANOTHER GREAT RIVER BARRAGE IS OPENED IN IRAQ: Flags decorate the structure of the barrage at Ramadi, on the River Euphrates, for its official opening. Costing over £1,400,000, it is some 650 ft. long and has twenty-four gates. It was the second barrage to be inaugurated in Iraq in a week, the other being on the Tigris.

KING FEISAL INAUGURATES THE EUPHRATES DAM: He cuts the tape for its opening. Iraq to-day is using her wealth from oil for public works.

THE SAUDI ARABIAN KING BEFORE THE MICROPHONES: In Taif, near Mecca, King Saud makes a statement. He affirmed his country's support for Colonel Nasser and Egypt and spoke of their joint opposition to Israel's "aggressive moves."

On right—

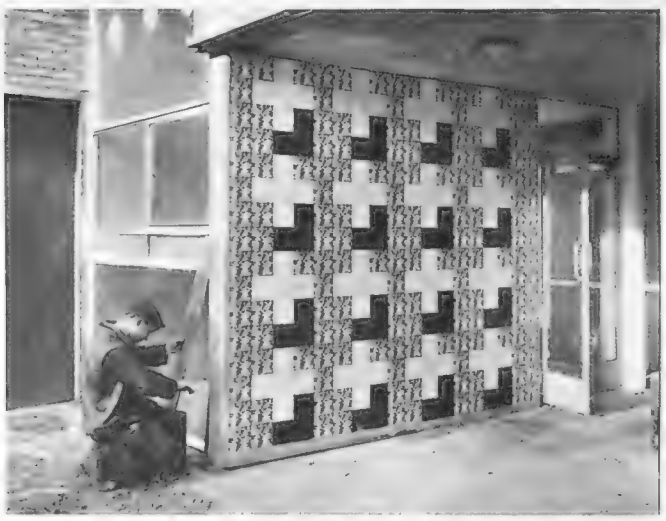
A NEW QUARANTINE STATION FOR PILGRIMS ON THE WAY TO MECCA: These buildings, opened by King Saud, are part of the new quarantine station at Jiddah, in Saudi Arabia. Altogether it covers a very large area and will house pilgrims coming to this port on their way to the Holy City of Mecca.

LONDON BUILDS BIG AND HIGH

In and Around the City New Buildings are Taking Shape

On right—

ELEVEN-STOREY FLATS ON THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL'S ALTON ESTATE AT ROEHAMPTON: "T"-shape in plan and nearly 100 ft. high, they have four flats on each floor. The buildings are also known as "point" blocks. The estate covers some 28 acres and will provide homes for 739 families. In addition to the flats, there are children's playgrounds, a parade of six shops with tenants' clubrooms, tenants' stores and workshops, and garages. This is the fifth of the L.C.C.'s new estates in the Putney Heath - Wimbledon Common area. Like the others, the Alton Estate is planned as a mixed development to take full advantage of the existing trees and other natural features. The Ackroyden Estate, which covers 16.5 acres, actually overlooks part of Wimbledon Common. Here there are three blocks of eleven-storey flats.



A DECORATED ENTRANCE TO A BLOCK OF FLATS AT ALTON: Inside the building the central core contains two lifts, two refuse chutes and two staircases with a duplicate system of ventilation.

FLATS FOR THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON: A view of the giant 14-storey-high block of flats which is under construction in connection with the Corporation's Golden Lane Housing Scheme. The estate, which covers five acres, is situated to the north of London and is mainly in Finsbury. Altogether, there are eight blocks of flats and maisonettes, a community hall, garages and a children's playground. The flats in the 14-storey block will consist of a living-room, double bedroom, kitchen and bathroom.

CONSTRUCTION IN THE HEART OF THE CITY: This view, looking along Watling Street towards St. Paul's Cathedral, shows on left part of the almost completed Gateway House, which is owned by Wiggins Teape, who moved in recently. The main contractors for Gateway House were Trollope and Colls. On the right is the building which is going up for the Bank of England.

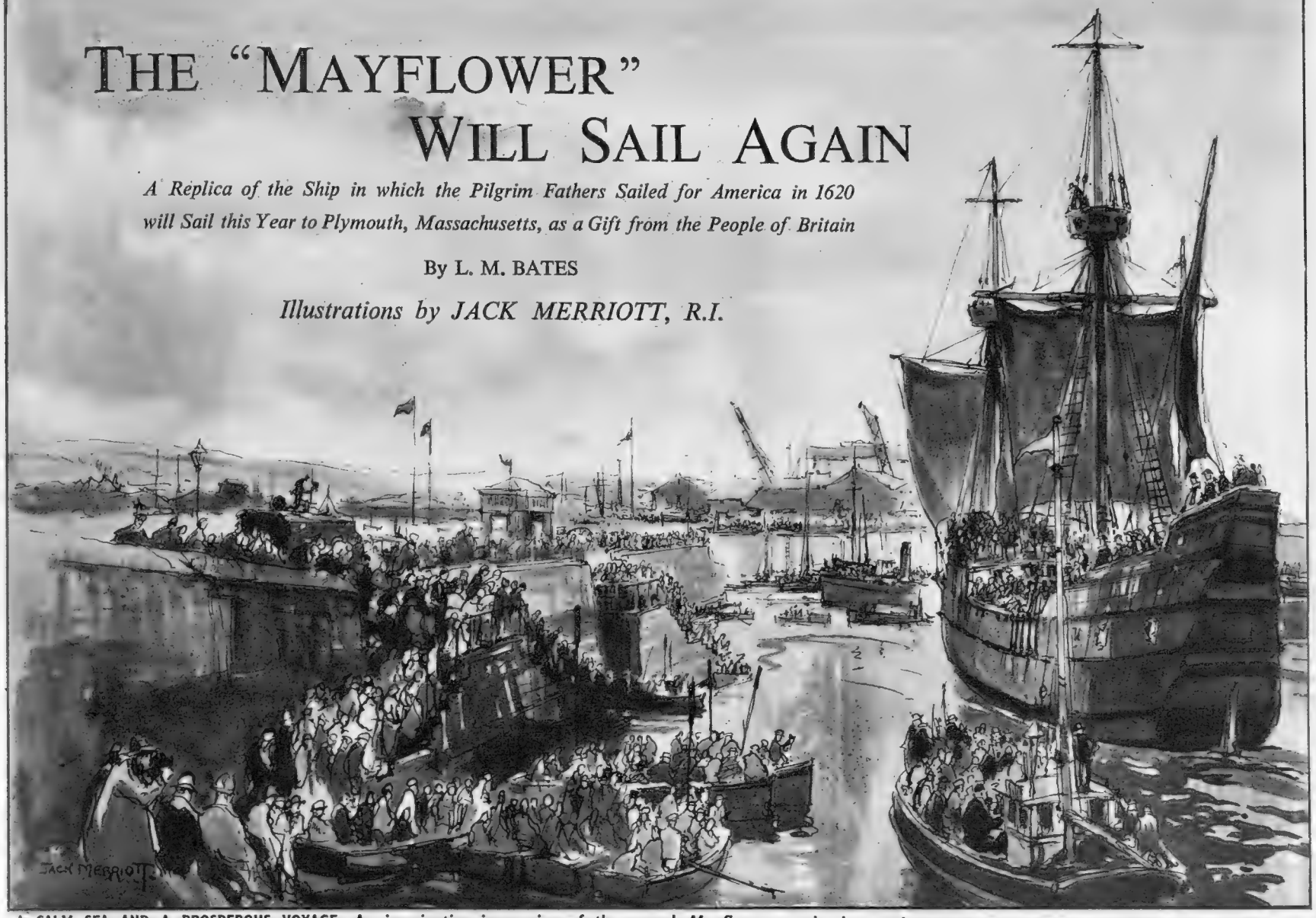
A FINE SETTING FOR GATEWAY HOUSE: It stands just beyond the St. Paul's Garden, the City of London's contribution to the Festival of Britain in 1951. Beyond Gateway House can be seen part of the scaffolding for Watling House. On the left of the picture is the bomb-damaged church of St. Augustine, which is to be incorporated in the new building for St. Paul's Choir School.

THE "MAYFLOWER" WILL SAIL AGAIN

A Replica of the Ship in which the Pilgrim Fathers Sailed for America in 1620 will Sail this Year to Plymouth, Massachusetts, as a Gift from the People of Britain

By L. M. BATES

Illustrations by JACK MERRIOTT, R.I.



A CALM SEA AND A PROSPEROUS VOYAGE: An imaginative impression of the second *Mayflower* as she leaves the quayside to begin her voyage of goodwill to the United States. She will sail from the historic berth at Plymouth with a crew of twenty-one and thirty passengers in the autumn of this year. Some of the passengers are descendants of the original settlers who sailed from the same quay in 1620. The crew will be volunteers selected from a long list of applicants.

THE BONES OF A STOUT SHIP: Workmen are busy on the hull of the *Mayflower* as it begins to take shape in the shipyard at Brixham, Devon. To avoid cross-grain wood the builders search for odd pieces shaped roughly as they need them and then trim them to size.

ALL free men know that their future hangs on the continued friendship between this country and the United States of America. And, at a time when the forces of disruption show no signs of flagging, it is heartening to learn that an imaginative and colourful gesture, symbolic of Anglo-American unity, is being planned.

Much the same conception of individual freedom that spurred the Pilgrim Fathers to make their historic voyage in 1620 was the basic motive of the *Mayflower Project* which aims to send next autumn a full-scale replica of the *Mayflower* under sail across the Atlantic. She will have a permanent berth at Plymouth, Massachusetts, where the Pilgrim Fathers landed, and will there be maintained by British funds as a tangible symbol of the common heritage of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon Race.

The citizens of both countries have endured years of frustration at the tireless malevolence of those who seek to drive a wedge between the English-speaking peoples; and this new project has captured the imaginations of men of goodwill on both sides of the Atlantic. In these most conservative of islands it took a long time to raise public interest; but once the Project had been launched, the first part of the £100,000 necessary to finance the plan was raised surprisingly quickly. As the ship is to be a gift to the American nation, the eager generosity of would-be contributors in the States had to be refused. Not the least help came from those London merchants and traders whose forbears had helped the Pilgrim Fathers to reach their goal. What was gladly accepted from America was the fruit of much historical research.

A MODEL OF A MODEL: Commander Alan Villiers, D.S.C. (right), who will command the *Mayflower*, examines a small model of the vessel.

The principal difficulty faced by the originators of the Project lay in the meagre details known about the first *Mayflower*. The Pilgrim Fathers were naturally more concerned with the end than the means; and only the flimsiest facts about her size and practically nothing about her rig were recorded. The blueprint for the replica was provided by a distinguished American naval architect who, deeply interested in the vessel, had carefully searched for recorded facts about the ship and made a long and profound study of other vessels of the period. Mainly by intelligent deduction, he was at last able to produce plans which must at the least approximate to those of the original vessel.

The new *Mayflower* will be about 180 tons; nautical tonnage, both gross and net register, has nothing to do with weight or displacement. The units are each 100 cub. ft., approximately the space formerly occupied by a tun, i.e., a large cask of wine, from the stowage space of which the modern standard of measurement originated. The dimensions of the replica will be: length between perpendiculars, 90 ft.; keel, 58 ft.; beam, 25 ft.; depth, 12½ ft. She will have three masts, two of which will each carry two squaresails, while the third will have a small fore-and-aft sail set on a lateen

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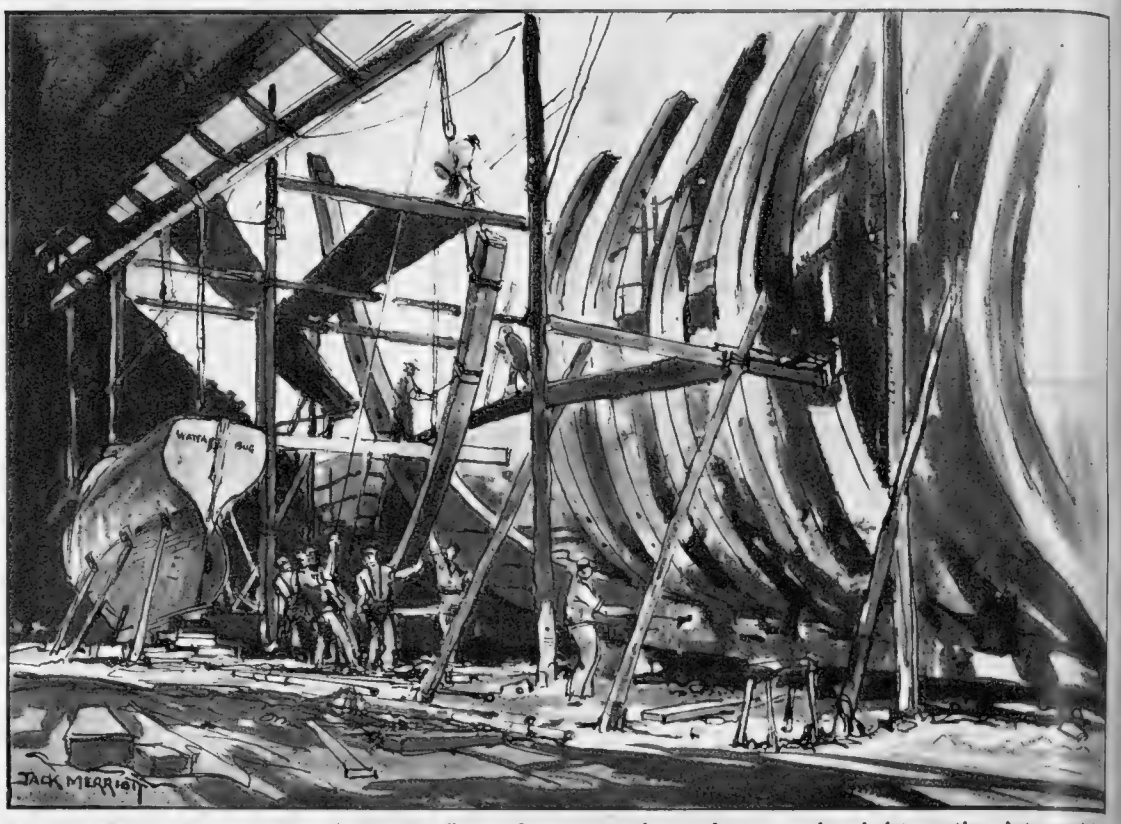
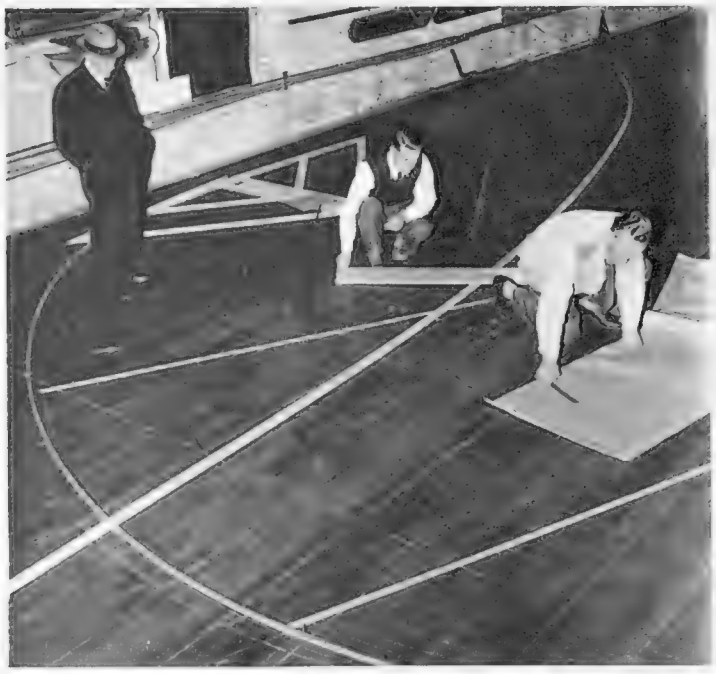
HEARTS OF OAK FOR A SHIP: Trunks of English oak are sorted outside Upham's shipyard, in Devon, where the *Mayflower* is being built. In the background is Brixham Harbour.



A LOST CRAFT: The oak ribs of the *Mayflower* loom over the workmen as they hoist another into position by means of rope and pulley. The oak tree used for the stem of the vessel had a girth of 72 ins. and presented quite a problem in transport. The wood for the masts has come from British Columbia.



A WOODEN BLUEPRINT: Work goes on in the mould loft where the shapes and sizes of the timbers for the new *Mayflower* are worked out in full scale upon the floor before the oak for the curved ribs is cut.

AN OLD SCENE IN A MODERN SETTING: The stem of the *Mayflower* lies close to the water's edge at the end of the slipway. Much historical research has been put into the blueprint from which the shipbuilders are working.

BRIXHAM HARBOUR, IN DEVON: The small fishing village of Brixham, on the Devonshire coast, is where the shipyard of Stuart Upham has built ships since the early nineteenth century. But modern techniques are of little use with the new *Mayflower* and the builders have to re-learn as far as possible the skills in use nearly 400 years ago.

THE "MAYFLOWER" WILL SAIL AGAIN

(*Continued from previous page*)

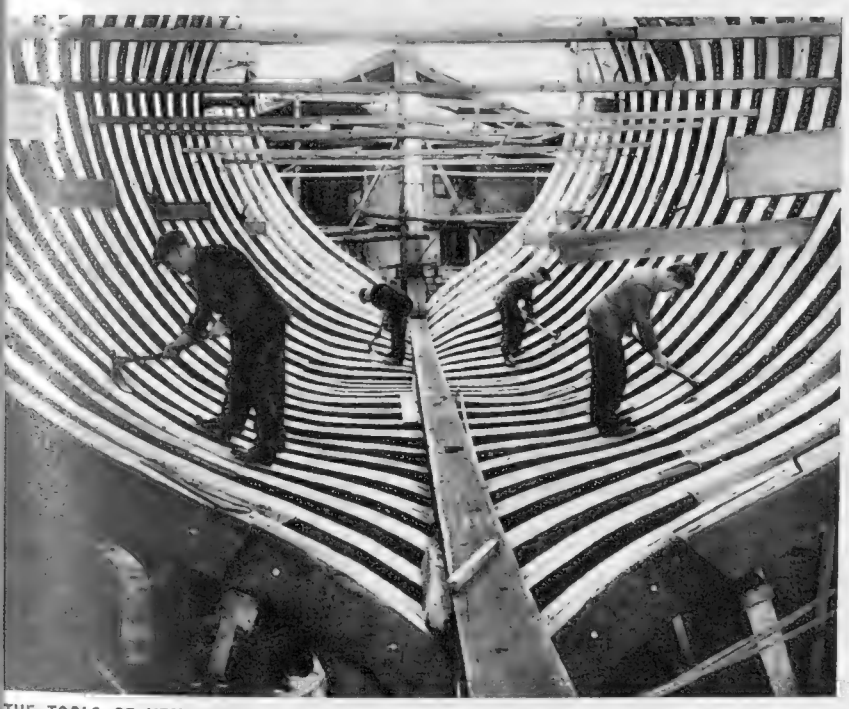
yard of the type still used by Arab dhows. The most striking departure from modern sail practice will be the square spritsail set on the bowsprit, which in sail plans of to-day has been replaced by one or more jibs.

After deciding on the plans, the next problem was to find a shipbuilder able and willing to co-operate. The contract finally went to the Brixham, South Devon, yard of J. W. and A. Upham Ltd. This old-established firm had put their long-accumulated lore in building and repairing Brixham trawlers to the service of the Admiralty during the last war by building and repairing wooden minesweepers, torpedo craft and other small warships for the narrow seas.

But familiarity with the honest craft of wooden shipbuilding was not in itself enough. The construction of the new *Mayflower* has involved considerable research with a view to the revival of tools and techniques long since discarded by shipbuilders. Timber of a suitable size (and they invariably used large and heavy timbers three-and-a-half centuries ago) was another problem to be overcome. In this case, the co-operation of the Old World and the New was sought. The oak for the keel and the hull was grown in this country; the timber for the masts and spars has come from Canada.

Another hurdle yet to be taken is the question of a crew. The original *Mayflower* was manned by twenty-one

A PROJECT GROWS: The skeleton of keel and ribs fills the building-shed at Upham's shipyard. The vessel will eventually be larger than the shed itself. The final plan calls for a three-masted rig of the time, solid bulwarks, with a 58-ft. keel, a beam of 25 ft. and a depth of 12¼ ft. which by the tonnage rule of 1582, used by the designer, gives a burden of 181 tons. The marine designer largely responsible for the present blueprint is an American naval architect, William A. Baker.



THE TOOLS OF YESTERYEAR: Workmen use adzes to fashion and trim the stout oak ribs. Some of the tools now being used on *Mayflower* have been in use for centuries, they include nippers, mawls, chock bevels, callipers and forelock clamps.

POINTING THE WAY TO THE NEW WORLD: The bows of the vessel begin to take shape as the ribs receive their first covering of wood. A difference between the wooden ships of then and now is that the old ones were built of heavier, though fewer, timbers.

seamen, and it is intended that the replica shall carry the same number. The men will be hand-picked from an already large list of applicants, for a sense of adventure is not alone sufficient qualification. The ship's rig and her rope running and standing rigging, of which some 12 tons will be needed, passed from the seaways so long ago that only trial and error will produce the technique of making the new *Mayflower* go to windward. Those who sail her must at least know the way of the sea with a ship under canvas.

The master-designate is Commander Alan Villiers, D.S.C., the nautical writer, lecturer and historian, and one-time captain of the famous square-rigger *Joseph Conrad*. Those of us who know something of his character and vast experience of "sail" are satisfied that so long as the *Mayflower* continues to float, he will take her to the other side of the Atlantic.

The little ship will be launched at Brixham, near the end of May or early in June. She will begin her voyage proper from the Thames early in September, calling, like the original *Mayflower*, at Southampton, Dartmouth and Plymouth before venturing into the Atlantic. The first *Mayflower* carried no fewer than 102 passengers; the replica will carry only thirty, and already there is keen competition for a berth. One applicant, a mother of three children, has asked if she and her family may be included! Many of the passengers will be descendants of the original Pilgrim Fathers.

The *Mayflower*, estimated to be about sixty years old when she was chartered for the Pilgrim Fathers, is claimed by some historians to have been owned and probably built at Leigh, on the Thames estuary. It is fairly certain that at one time she was engaged in the whaling trade. Rotherhithe, on the south bank of the Pool of London, has an old tradition of a former connection with the whaling trade which is perpetuated in the Greenland Dock of the Surrey Commercial Docks; and a large proportion of the crew of the *Mayflower* were Rotherhithe men. It is not, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that the ship was very much at home in the Thames tideway. Her master, Christopher Jones, was buried in the churchyard of St. Mary's, Rotherhithe, and the adjacent Mayflower Street may commemorate the fact that she was broken up at a Rotherhithe yard some four years after her historic voyage across the Atlantic to the New World.

The London merchants who financed the Pilgrim Fathers may have been as much inspired by the possibilities of new trade as by religious sympathies; but their support, as well as the grant of land in New England made by the Virginia Company of London, alone made the venture possible. It seems, therefore,

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HERALDING A GREAT ADVENTURE: The stark wooden skeleton of the *Mayflower* makes unusual patterns against the sky, as it begins to assume its final lines in Upham's shipyard. The project is conceived as a permanent symbol of the common heritage and tradition which we share with the peoples of the United States.

THE SAILMAKER'S SHOP: Mr. Harold Bridge (on right) is the only sailmaker still working in Brixham. The sail canvas is being woven in Arbroath, Scotland.

MASTS FOR THE "MAYFLOWER": Seventy-foot-long baulks of Douglas fir from Westminster, British Columbia, are unloaded at the Manchester docks.

THE LAST RIB IS PUT INTO POSITION: The final baulk of oak is held into position by chains as workmen secure it to the keel. With the completion of the skeleton work on the deck timbers began.

FROM A WOODEN SHADOW TO REALITY: Modern machinery is of little use in the construction of heavy wooden ships and methods used in Stuart Upham's Devon shipyard do not vary much from those of centuries ago. Electric drills are the only modern tools used extensively and these are not entirely satisfactory.

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that the Thames played as great a part in the settlement of Massachusetts as it did in the earlier voyage, in 1606, from Blackwell, whereby the first permanent American colony, Jamestown, Virginia, was founded.

The Pilgrim Fathers, a small group of English nonconformists at Leyden, in Holland, who sought a new land where they could worship according to their consciences, sailed in their own craft, the *Speedwell*, from Delftshaven to Southampton in July 1620. There they were joined by a much larger party, mainly adventurers but with a leavening of dissenters, in the chartered *Mayflower*.

If this vessel was old and unsuited to her task, the *Speedwell* seemed to be in much worse condition. After setting out from Southampton, the ships had to put into Dartmouth to effect repairs to the *Speedwell*. The two vessels again set sail, but 300 miles out in the Atlantic, the ship was again in trouble and the two vessels turned back to Plymouth. There the smaller ship was abandoned, and, with a complement of passengers selected from both ships, the *Mayflower* sailed alone on September 16, 1620.

It was no time for a vessel of her size and age to essay the passage of the winter North Atlantic, and continuous storms battered the little ship. The hardships endured by the emigrants, packed like cattle, during the sixty-seven-days voyage must have been far worse than any subsequent privation suffered in New England. At the height of a gale, a main beam cracked, and temporary repairs were made by jacking up the vital timber with a printing press which was among the cargo.

The voyage of the new *Mayflower* will be by no means a yachting trip, but, equipped with radio as demanded by both law and common prudence, she will at least be able to report progress to the world and, if the worst happens, summon help.

Moored at her permanent berth at Plimoth Plantation, the American counterpart of *Mayflower* Project, she will put the clock back for United States citizens, a constant reminder amidst the wonders of the Atomic Age of that older civilisation across the water to which they owe their way of life.

The Duke Plays Many Parts

His Royal Highness as Airman, Soldier, Philanthropist and Agriculturist

On right—
THE DUKE AT THE CONTROLS : The Duke of Edinburgh, wearing a leather flying helmet and an oxygen mask, sits at the controls of a Blackburn Beverley transport aircraft during a visit he made to the works of the Blackburn and General Aircraft Company Ltd. at Brough, in Yorkshire. The Duke later piloted the aircraft, which is a four-engined troop-carrier capable of transporting ninety-four men and their equipment.

Below—
RADIO-ACTIVE RESEARCH IN AGRICULTURE : His Royal Highness watches a demonstration of the use of a portable Geiger Counter in tracing the movements of radio-active fertiliser in tomato plants. The Duke had flown by helicopter to visit the Imperial Chemical Industry's research station at Jealott's Hill, near Bracknell. With him in the Pot Culture House is Mr. A. J. Low (on right), head of the Soils and Fertilisers Laboratory. The Duke saw research in beef production.

A VISIT TO THE WELSH GUARDS : The Duke inspects the marksmanship of some of the troops at the small-bore rifle targets during his visit to the Training Company at Pirbright. The Duke is Colonel of the Regiment.

THE DUKE PRESIDES AT LUNCHEON : The Duke of Edinburgh makes his speech during a luncheon at Fishmongers' Hall, in the City of London. He was there to mark the centenary of the Missions to Seamen Society, of which he is president, and to launch an appeal for £100,000 to maintain and develop the "Flying Angel" service. Next to the Duke, from left to right, are Mr. J. D. Profumo, O.B.E., M.P., Captain A. F. Cooper, C.B.E., R.N., the Viscount Cilcennin, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill.

On left—
A HANDSHAKE FOR THE DUKE : The Duke of Edinburgh shakes hands with Sir Harold Hartley when arriving to preside at the final meeting of the Council of Human Problems of Industrial Communities within the Commonwealth and Empire, which was held on the *Wellington* on the Thames.

WHEN BRITAIN SENT A GUNBOAT

Looking Back One Hundred Years to 1856 and the Days of Palmerston; and a Comparison of Britain Then and Now

By JOHN GORE

A CENTURY AGO.—The Congress of Paris, convened in the spring of 1856 to tie up the loose ends of the Crimean War, resulted in a treaty of peace signed by England, France, Austria, Prussia, Turkey and Sardinia. In the view of many, England came out of it not very gloriously, either militarily or politically. The treaty did ensure an Eastern peace for nearly twenty-five years, as Aberdeen estimated that it would—if we except the Mutiny as a "purely domestic" incident. Our historians have sometimes regarded the end of the Crimean War as a great landmark in the great Victorian age, the era in which the constitutional and parliamentary system of government was for the first time completely recognised. 1856 has been chosen as the landmark in a long reign which witnessed great development in all that related to practical inventions and especially speed of communications. "On land and ocean, in air and under the sea, the history of rapid travel and rapid interchange of messages coincides with that of the present (Victorian) reign"—so wrote Justin McCarthy. We smile. The living invariably smile at the simple annals of the dead. We were wiser (those of us who are not opposed to all progress) to praise famous Victorians and thank them, if there be reason for gratitude, for all their pioneering which has enabled us to laugh at their pedestrian gadgets and halting steps.

I suppose that every thinking man in 1837 clearly recognised, what is seldom recognised when a new reign begins, that here exceptionally was a reign quite certain to begin a new chapter and not merely to continue a former. In literature and science, in morality and conventions, in manners of thought, in habits and customs, the cut was complete.

Literature and Science.—In literature, the mirror of the age, the separation was startling. When the young queen was crowned, a glorious literary age had conveniently ended by the process of nature. Scott, Byron, Keats and Coleridge were dead. The new recruits owed less to their influence than did any previous successors to great literary predecessors. They became every whit as illustrious, but they owed nothing to the past. Not so the scientists who walked in the footprints of pioneers.

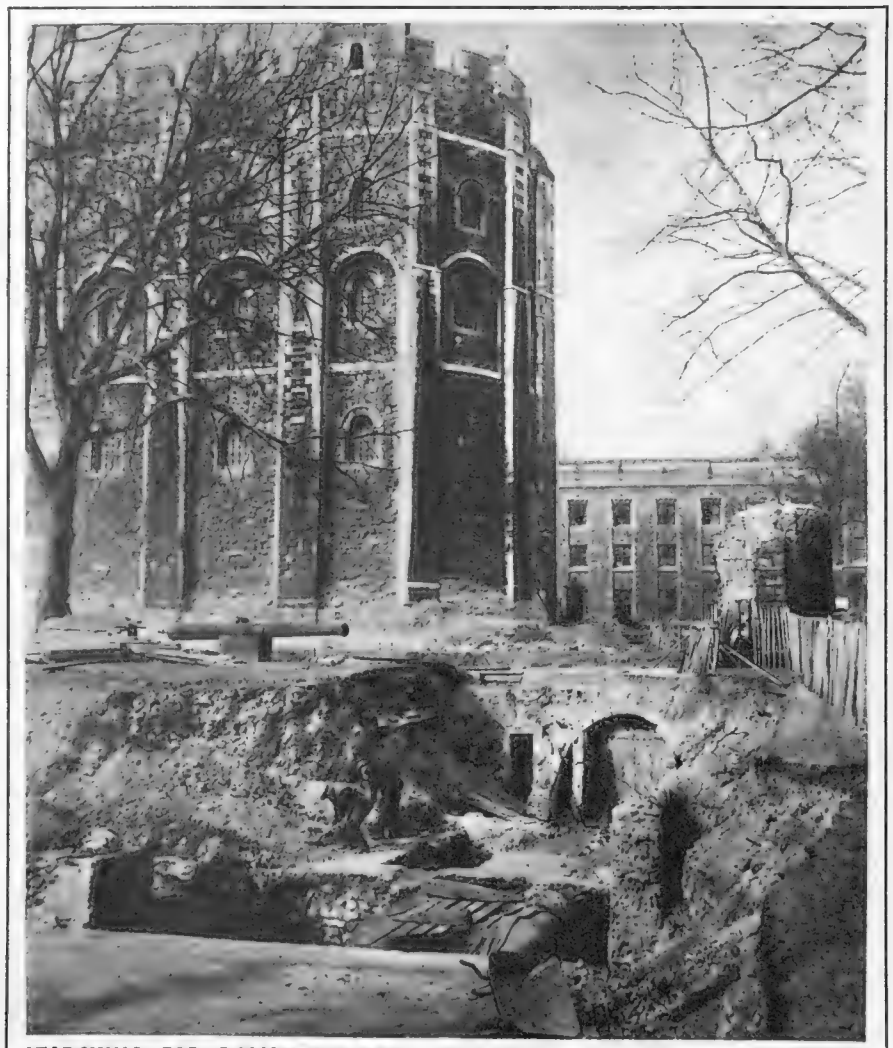
The great scientists of Queen Victoria's reign, with straw for their bricks, were slower to build than the literary men. Their greatest achievements belonged to the post-Crimea era. The historians, poets and novelists of the new age got quickly to work. The earlier part of the reign was richer in literary genius than the later, if we except Carlyle, Mill and the Brownings, and the lesser gods of the novel such as Trollope and George Eliot. *The Pickwick Papers* were published in the year of accession. *Vanity Fair* in 1848. *In Memoriam* in 1850. *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights* were pre-Crimea, and the Brontës were all dead before 1856. But I doubt if 1856 is not too early a date to raise as the Victorian landmark for practical inventions and speed of communications.

England a century ago under the influence of Palmerston had a very curious notion of what was good for her. She believed that she was not as other nations, that a special providence looked after her, that what might do for foreigners was not necessarily good for her. Her isolationism and pride was sometimes expressed by her squires in the epigram: "God made a great mistake when he made foreigners." We didn't need much from overseas nations. We were content that they should buy our products and find space for our criminals, but we did not need ideas or hints from other nations as to how to run our own affairs.

Post-war Lethargy.—Certainly, after the war ended, a lethargy fell on the nation, not least on Parliament. Reformers were bores and "let well alone" was an adequate slogan to crush their suggestions. The scientists up to 1856 received slight encouragement from Parliament or the nation.

In 1856 transportation and the convict hulks were enjoying their last year. The end came not from a new and humane idealism, but because the colonies had had enough of looking after our criminals. An attempt to start a wider system of national education by the levy of a school rate was easily rejected by the House of Commons. That sort of thing, compulsory education, might do very well for the Prussians, but would never suit Englishmen. English children were much better employed in cellars and factories preparing themselves for a useful life. After all, humane laws had been passed in the '30's. The factory children had their Government inspectors, and the daily hours of work for women had been cut down to twelve; and, anyway, an educated nation was a danger to smooth government.

An American came over to explain to industrialists and scientists a plan for an electric telegraph line under the Atlantic. His plan was yawned over and shelved. Lesseps came over to explain his project for a ship canal across the Isthmus of Suez. Our engineers laughed it out of court. Our financiers demonstrated that it could never pay. Parliament and Palmerston declared that it would be an eternal danger to British interests. British interests abroad were jealously guarded. "*Civis Romanus sum*" was a proud slogan with a sting in its tail. No one wanted war. Only a few lucky men make money in wartime. But no foreigner, white, yellow or brown, was going to twist the Lion's tail. . . . If he tried, a "gunboat" would ask the reason why, and supply the answer.



SEARCHING FOR ROMAN LONDON—EXCAVATIONS AT THE TOWER: Archæologists are digging beneath the Tower of London in search of relics of the Roman London of A.D. 50. In the shadow of the White Tower they are working on a section of the ground which possibly covers part of the old Roman wall which surrounded the city.

Gunboat Diplomacy.—The local Chinese authorities in 1856 furnished an example in the famous case of the *Arrow* schooner in Canton River. A party of Chinese boarded this little vessel in Canton River and took off some men on a charge of piracy. The owners claimed the vessel as British and our Consul protested to the Chinese Governor against a violation of the Treaty of 1843, which gave the Chinese no authority to board a British vessel.

It turned out quite soon that the *Arrow* had at the time no right to fly the British flag. But the Consul demanded amends and applied for assistance to our Plenipotentiary at Hong Kong, John Bowring. Bowring was firm and demanded an apology. The Chinese Governor returned the arrested men but, for very face, could not apologise since he was within his legal treaty rights. Sir John had all his life nursed a passion for bombarding something in a big way; had even had a boyhood dream that he would one day enter Canton in triumph. And, since 100 years ago "swifter communications" had not yet clipped ambassadorial wings, he declared war on China and ordered Admiral Seymour's fleet to bombard Canton, which it did with good effect.

It made a considerable stir in Parliament, leading finally not to world war but to a further short triumph for Palmerston's popular way with the foreigner. Certainly in a hundred years British diplomacy has changed its face. The year 1856, however, recorded some mild advances. The romantic Gretna Green marriages were regularised by residential qualifications and a divorce court was instituted to enable the poorer classes to enjoy benefits hitherto the prerogative of the privileged and wealthy.

Probably in contemporary public memory 1856 stood out most vividly as Palmer's year. The Rugeley poisoning case rocked the nation and when the name of Rugeley became infamous and its citizens applied for a change of name, it was said that Palmerston lightly suggested "Palmerstown" as a substitute. One last item: it was in 1856 that the new Enfield rifles were sent out to India for the use of the Indian Army. The cartridges were wrapped in greased paper; the grease was innocent enough, neither cow's fat nor hog's fat. But the truth was neither here nor there. The new Enfield was a factor in springing on the country the next year an unpleasant surprise of which very few people, official or private, in England had in 1856 a faint inkling.

1856–1956.—No doubt, my "highlights" of 1856 are partial, trivial and prejudiced. But the whole truth about conditions in that year by an experienced historian would be no more effective in underlining the astounding evolution of civilisation in this particular hundred years—the most pregnant century for swift evolution in all history, even if the bulk of the transformation was crammed into the last forty years. Is there, we may well ask, anything surviving to-day in our institutions, our manner of thought, or habits, social, political, economic, to identify us with our predecessors of 1856? Our conceptions of the functions of monarchy, of the Empire, of the relations of capital and labour, of standards of life in all classes, of social justice, of literature and art, of speed and space and time, big and small, trivial and tremendous, all lumped together, these conceptions have undergone a transformation which seems to erect an iron curtain between us and our forebears of 1856. They seem as far out of touch with us as our forebears of the Stone Age. And yet a few of them are alive among us to-day and have not died of indigestion or shock.

If our conception of the functions of a democratic monarchy have utterly changed, our respect for and devotion to the monarchy is undiluted and, indeed, strengthened; and perhaps no recent event revealed more points of similarity between 1856 and 1956 than the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. It showed that in all traditional and ceremonial matters affecting the Throne and an hereditary buffer state round it, we are not very different from our forebears of 1856.

Pandora's Box.—Vast have been the changes, vast the benefits, in a century of social progress. In the glare and glitter of our triumphs, we may be inclined to lose sight of our retrogressions and of a few evil spirits which escaped when Pandora's box so suddenly opened wide. Within the limits of this arbitrarily chosen century, Pandora's box of tricks and wonders opened wide. Among them a thinking Englishman of to-day might well ask himself if any of the releases were doubtful blessings which his ancestors had better served posterity by swatting as they flew out. The blessings he freely acknowledges in the health and longevity of the nation, in the relief of pain, in social justice, in public education, in fuller and freer lives for all classes, all that is implied in the "Welfare State" (unless perhaps the suddenness with which that great experiment was launched), no thinking man would venture to question.

But one of those gifts cost us our moat and knocked flat the walls of our fortress. I cannot believe that the invention of the internal combustion engine has been other than a disaster for Britain. It brought us the motor-car, and its amenities do not greatly outnumber its evils. It brought the submarine and the aeroplane, with their risks for us of starvation and extermination. It sometimes seems odd to recall how we cheered and gloried in every new development of that notion which further undermined our unique defences.

Perhaps it is early days to pronounce on the benefits to us and all mankind of nuclear discoveries. Hitherto we have been more conscious of its powers of destruction than of its ultimate benefits to humanity in peace and for peace. In my present mood, I regret that those two butterflies escaped with the rest. If science has sweetened and lengthened human life in general and English life in particular, it has taken its pound of flesh, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life sacrificed for a life preserved. And perhaps it is early days also to declare that social justice, the Welfare State, the freer life, have contributed as much as statistics and historical facts (1856–1956) suggest to the sum of human happiness and contentment. The full life still seems empty sometimes and nothing new has yet taken the place of a widely lost sense of responsibility towards society and the notion that duties attach to rights, not least to the right to work.

A Royal Bavarian Wedding

The Marriage of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria and Helen, Countess zu Toerring-Jettenbach

A marriage between two of Germany's oldest families took place in Bavaria when the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria married Helen, Countess zu Toerring-Jettenbach. The ceremony took place in the chapel of the Schloss-Seefeld, the ancestral home of the bride's family, which lies near Ammersee, not far from Munich. The guests who attended the wedding service included the Duchess of Kent, the bride's aunt, ex-King Umberto of Italy, Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, Archduke Otto of Habsburg, the Austrian Pretender, and members of the Hohenzollern, Wittelsbach and Toerring houses. Also present was the Count of Paris, the pretender to the throne of France.

The bridegroom is the nephew of the last Emperor of Austria-Hungary. He now works in the export department of a steel company in Essen, where the couple are to live after the honeymoon. The bride worked, until her wedding, in the Munich dress shop of her husband's mother, the Countess Wernberg. Because of the small size of the chapel at Schloss-Seefeld, where the marriage was celebrated, only seventy-two of the guests were able to witness it.

AFTER THE CEREMONY: The bride and bridegroom with the groom's mother, Countess Wernberg, on the extreme left, and, beside her, the bride's father, Count Theodor zu Toerring-Jettenbach, pose for photographers on the stone bridge of the Schloss-Seefeld, in Bavaria. With them is the young Count Hans Kaspar zu Toerring-Seefeld.

A EUROPEAN WEDDING: The bride and bridegroom stand between Princess Olga of Yugoslavia and her sister, the Duchess of Kent. The mother of the bride, the late Countess Elizabeth, was also a sister of the Duchess.

A LINK BETWEEN TWO OF GERMANY'S OLDEST HOUSES: *Above left*—The Archduke Otto von Habsburg, the pretender to the Austrian throne, at the wedding-eve reception given in Munich. The bridegroom is a member of the same Royal house. *Above right*—The mother of the bridegroom, Countess Wernberg, was also at the reception, which was held in a Munich hotel.

THE WEDDING-EVE RECEPTION: Count Windischgraetz of Austria (on left), Princess Dorothea of Hessia and Count Nostritz of Germany at the Munich reception. *On right*—The reception, at which most European Royal families were represented. Because of the size of the chapel at Schloss-Seefeld, only seventy-two of 200 invited guests were able to witness the marriage ceremony. It consisted of a wedding Mass said by a Benedictine monk from the local Abbey. Since the chapel was so small, the nuptial service was kept as simple as possible.

PREVENTING THE COLLAPSE OF ONE OF THE FINEST STRUCTURES IN FLORENCE: Metal cables have been strung along the upper corridor of the Ponte Vecchio to buttress the walls. The passage connects the Pitti and the Uffizi Palaces and is built above the shops on the famous bridge. *Left, below*—A test is made of the strength of a cable.

When the Germans retreated from Florence they blew up all the bridges except one. But even the vandalism of the *Wehrmacht* stopped short at destroying the Ponte Vecchio. However, they did blow up buildings at both ends of the bridge. This area was reconstructed a few years ago.

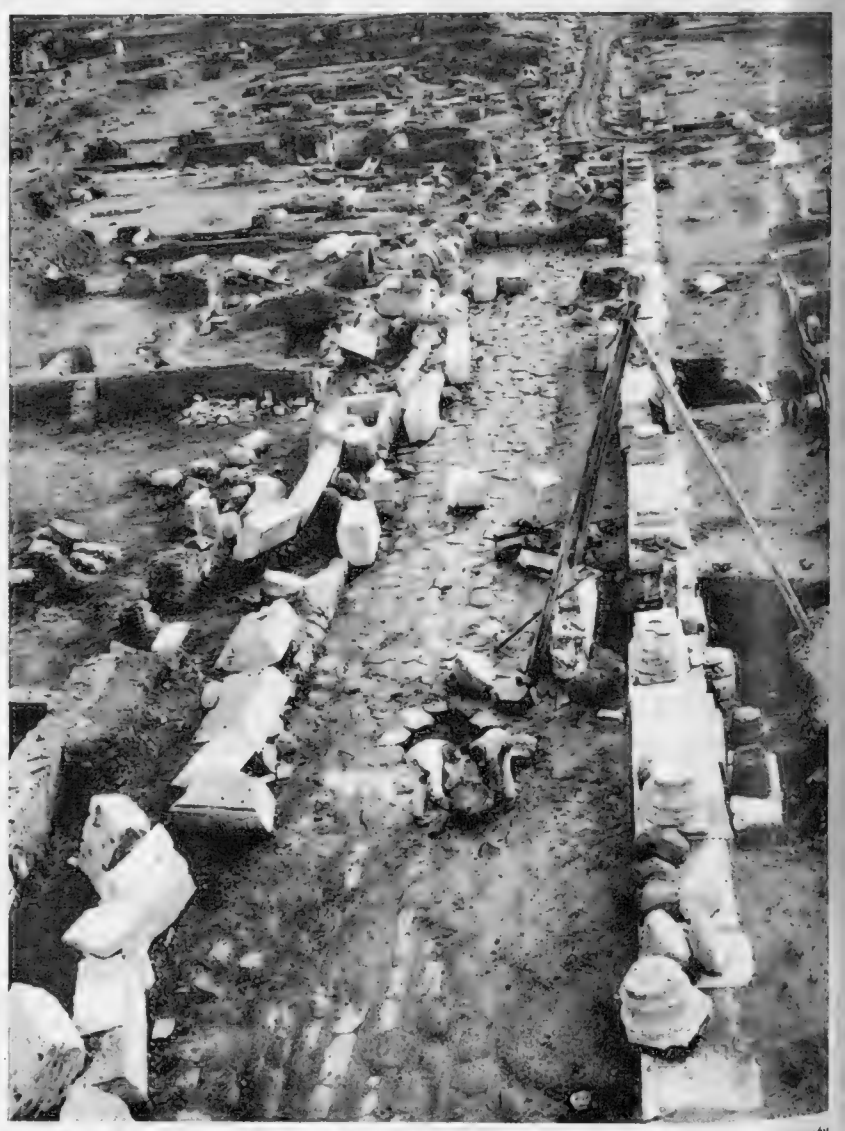
Now the Ponte Vecchio itself is threatened by the most relentless of all enemies—Time. From the tenth to the fourteenth centuries a succession of bridges over the Arno at this point were destroyed by fire or flood. Then in 1345 the present magnificent Ponte Vecchio arose. It is unique of its kind. Apart from the open space in the centre, it is really a street of shops. The backs of these jut out over the river and are supported by brackets. Originally occupied by goldsmiths, they are now jewellers' establishments. Measures have already been taken to stop the decay in the fabric, especially in the upper corridor.

PRESERVING THE PAST IN ITALY

Restoring the Ponte Vecchio; Murals Found in a Catacomb; Uncovering the Appian Way

FROM A NEW CATACOMB FOUND IN ROME: "A Lesson in Medicine" is the theme of this fresco which is one of those discovered recently in a newly-opened catacomb on the Via Latina, on the outskirts of Rome. The Catacomb is small in size when compared with the already famous underground vaults in Rome. But it is of great interest, for it contains about fifty wall paintings of the third and fourth century after Christ. Some of the murals are pagan in conception. Others deal with New Testament subjects, which is unusual for this period. Like most of the catacombs in Rome, the new discovery was probably the burial chamber for a family or a number of families. They may have been used in the first centuries after Christ for Christian services.

AN UNUSUAL SUBJECT: The mural shows Christ Meeting the Samaritan Woman at the Well. New Testament scenes are rare on the walls of catacombs.



THE ORIGINAL STONES OF THE ANCIENT APPIAN WAY: Near the village of Minturno, seventy miles east of Rome, work is in progress on uncovering some of the original stones of the Via Appia, which was known to the Romans as "The Queen of the Highways."

THE PONTE VECCHIO IS SHOWING THE EFFECTS OF TIME: The oldest bridge in Florence its present structure dates from 1345, when it replaced the last of a succession of bridges which had been here since 996. Its arches over the Arno support what is in effect an arcade of jewellers' shops, with a corridor above it. The fabric is now threatened with decay. The Ponte Vecchio was the only bridge in Florence not blown up by the Germans in the war. The arcade on the right was also spared.

A STAGING POINT FOR THE MARCHING LEGIONS: At the side of the section of the original Appian Way now being uncovered, excavations are proceeding into the buildings of a small community. The foundations of dwellings, a religious edifice, and what may have been shops are being unearthed. It may have been a halting-place for the Legions and the multitude of travellers using the highway which was begun by the Censor Appius Claudius in 312 B.C. and ran from the Appian Gate in Rome.

The Appian Way is one of the oldest and most important highways in the world, both for trade and for war. First employed to speed the expansion of the Roman Republic and then the Roman Empire, its modern surface was the line of advance of the Allied armies in 1944.

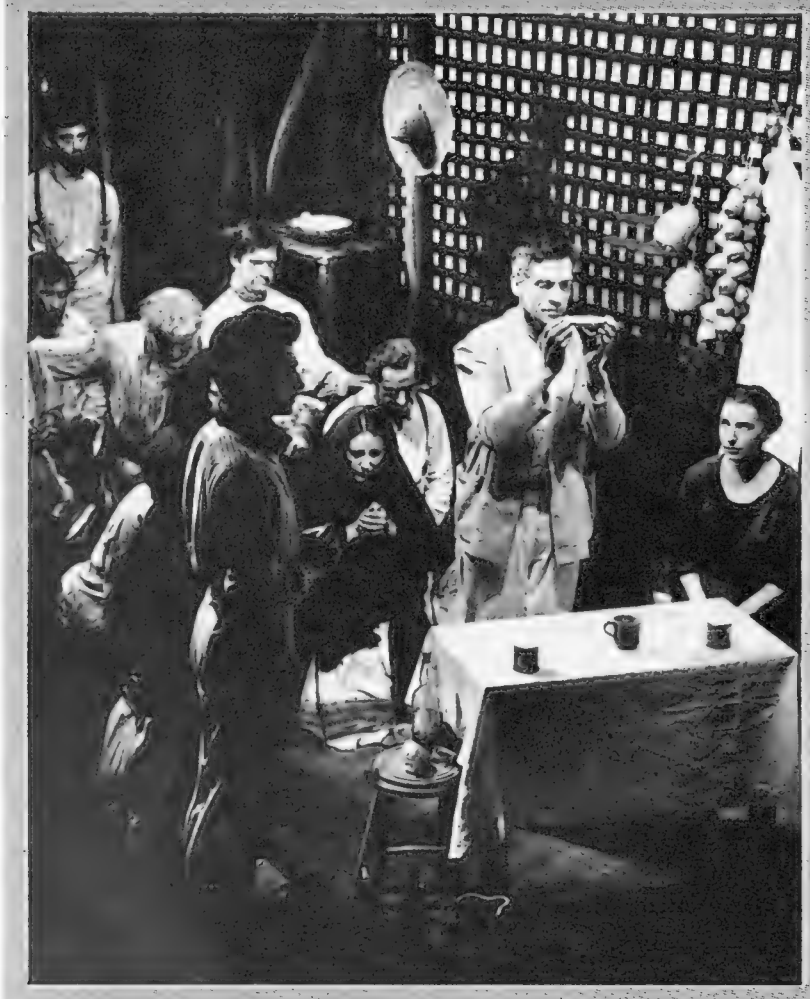
The original road was begun in the fourth century before Christ. Issuing from the Appian Gate in Rome it was laid through Latium, Campania, Samnium and Apulia to the port of Brundisium (the modern Brindisi), the main harbour for trade with the East. It was the route along which much of the wealth as well as the might of Rome proceeded.

Justly did it merit its name of Regina Viarum (" The Queen of the Highways "). By its sides arose numerous communities—some sizeable townships, others smaller staging points. To-day one can get the feel of its ancient activity as one watches the excavations in progress around Minturno, a village some seventy miles to the south-east of Rome. A section of the original cobblestones is being uncovered. Over them went the tramping Legions, the hurrying couriers with news for Senate or Emperor, the busy merchants and traders. By the side of the road the foundations of a number of buildings are being unearthed. They were discovered when some pieces of stone were seen projecting from the middle of a field.

The Via Appia has never fallen into disuse. Parallel with the old road runs the modern one. This was the " Route 6," well remembered by those who fought in Italy in the last war, for along it the Allied armies advanced victoriously upon Rome.

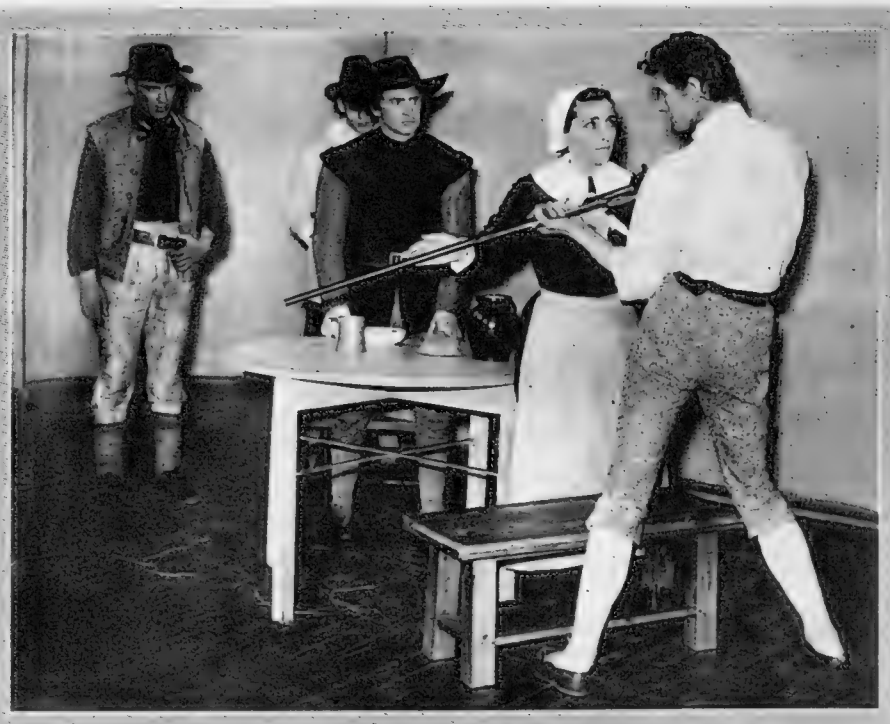
Priest and Witch, Duke and Prince

Two New Plays in London; and Shakespeare Grave and Gay



"THE POWER AND THE GLORY": Paul Scofield in the part of the Priest celebrates a secret Mass in a scene in Graham Greene's play at the Phœnix Theatre, in London. On the right is Patience Collier, who plays Maria.

Denis Cannan and Pierre Bost have made the stage adaptation of Graham Greene's novel *The Power and the Glory*. The story is set in Mexico after the revolution of 1930, which banned, among other things, the practice of Roman Catholicism. The plot centres round a degenerate drunken priest, who stays in the country and recovers his soul by administering the people's need for the forbidden religion. This part is played most effectively by Paul Scofield. Opposed to the priest are the Chief of Police (Roger Delgado) and his idealistic Lieutenant (Harry H. Corbett). Others in a long cast are Brian Wilde, Willoughby Goddard, Gerald Flood and Ann Cooke.



A WITCH HUNT IN SALEM: Standing at the table is George Selway, playing John Willard. To the right are Rosalie Crutchley, in the role of Elizabeth Proctor, and Michael Gwynn (John Proctor). This is an incident in *The Crucible*, by Arthur Miller, a play about witch-hunting in seventeenth-century Massachusetts, at the Royal Court Theatre in Sloane Square, London.

On left—

A MUSICAL VERSION OF "THE COMEDY OF ERRORS": At London's Arts Theatre James Maxwell, as the Duke, stands on the barrel below the window and sings one of the choruses with others of the company. Shakespeare's comedy has been specially adapted by Lionel Harris and Robert McNab for the music composed by Julian Slade.

IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" AT STRATFORD: Emlyn Williams plays Shylock in the play at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, which had its first night last Tuesday.

THE OPENING PLAY OF THIS YEAR'S SEASON: *Left*—Alan Badel, as Hamlet, and Diana Churchill (Gertrude) and, *right*, Dilys Hamlett (Ophelia) and Andrew Faulds (Laertes) are in the play with which the Stratford season opened last week. This is the first production of *Hamlet* seen here for eight years.

The season at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre has now started. Before it finishes next autumn, five plays will have been presented. They are, in the order of their presentation: *Hamlet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Othello*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *Measure for Measure*. Emlyn Williams plays Shylock and Iago, both for the first time, and Angelo, in *Measure for Measure*, which he acted at the Old Vic twenty years ago. Alan Badel, who has already made a strong impression as Hamlet, will number among his other parts Roderigo in *Othello*. Others in this year's Stratford Company include Diana Churchill, Margaret Johnston and Harry Andrews.

United States Air Strength

Faster-Than-Ever Fighters; Guided Missiles; and Other Developments in the U.S.A.F.

A NEW AMERICAN ULTRA-SONIC FIGHTER: The Lockheed F-104A Starfighter flies above the United States Air Force Jet Centre at Palmdale, in California. It is an all-purpose fighter, 54 ft. 9 ins. long, with razor-blade wings and is powered by a General Electric J-79 engine. The cockpit is well forward to give the pilot extra visibility.

As is the case with all modern military aircraft, details of the Starfighter were kept a secret during development. Recently it was shown to journalists at the U.S. Air Force Jet Centre at Palmdale, California. The Lockheed Company, which is responsible for the development of this ultra-sonic aircraft classified as the F-104A, has certainly produced one of the fastest combat types in the world. Its most important features are said to include the most powerful jet engine, thrust-per-pound, yet developed; the first downward pilot ejection system for a production jet fighter; a T-shaped flying tail. The wing's leading edge is so sharp that a felt covering is used to protect ground crew when the plane is not flying. The Starfighter is a lightweight plane in everything except striking power. Its armament and speed are still secret. It is stated that its climb is equal to its speed in straight-and-level flight. At top speed its turbojet afterburner develops half of its thrust as a ramjet. Its operational altitude is in the upper stratosphere.

"THE MOST ADVANCED PLANE OF ITS TYPE": This claim is made by the American Air Force Chief of Staff, for the Starfighter. It is believed it can carry nuclear bombs if necessary.

On left—
A GUIDED MISSILE IN SERVICE: A United States Navy "Cutlass" jet fighter tears through the air carrying Sparrow I guided missiles attached below its wings. The missile is about 12 ft. long and powered by a single propellant rocket. It is being fitted to aircraft in fleet carriers and at shore stations.

On right—
FOR AIR-TO-AIR ATTACK: The Sparrow I missiles below the fighter's wings can be launched singly or in sequence against enemy aircraft. They are guided by a radar beam transmitted from the launching fighter and can reach a velocity of 1,500 m.p.h. within a few seconds.

FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC RECONNAISSANCE: The F9F-8P is the latest addition to the American Navy's Cougar type of aircraft. As its nomenclature implies, it is fitted for photographic reconnaissance and is an adaptation, with a longer nose, of the F9F-8 single-seat Naval Carrier Fighter. Built by the Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation, of Long Island, New York, it has a maximum speed of 712 m.p.h.

DEVELOPING A JET HELICOPTER: This Kaman HOK-1 helicopter contains the mock-up of the Lycoming XT-53 gas turbine, which is being developed as a possible helicopter engine of the future by the U.S. Army and the U.S. Air Force. The turbine is mounted above the fuselage. This considerably increases the cabin space. Hitherto a piston engine has been mounted in the rear of the fuselage in this helicopter.

CONTEMPORARY ETCHERS AND ENGRAVERS—I.

HENRY RUSHBURY— A DISTINGUISHED DRY-POINT ETCHER

By NEVILE WALLIS

IT is not, at first, easy to reconcile Mr. Henry Rushbury's twinkling personality, and air of a benign Newmarket trainer, with the fine austerity of his art. But if you notice his intent gaze, and, above all, see him instilling discipline into first-year students of the Royal Academy Schools, of which he is Keeper, you soon sense the presence of a dedicated craftsman. The lively raconteur of the Arts Club is the artist unbuttoned: one who shared with his friend the late Sir Muirhead Bone, and to-day occupies alone, the position of the finest (as he is also the most experienced) architectural etcher in the country.

THE ART OF DRY-POINT ETCHING: The artist works on a zinc plate of Notre Dame de Paris. Around him are the tools of his medium.

It was at Harborne, then a village, long since engulfed by spreading Birmingham, that Henry Rushbury was born in 1889. "My father," he will confide with a smile, "was a Gothic addict—if you know what that means!" It meant, indeed, a boyhood associated with plans of Gothic cathedrals and brass rubbings from earliest infancy, before ever he was sent to the village school and sought out the art classes in the evenings. At fourteen he won a scholarship for the Birmingham School of Art, and, setting his mind on a technical trade, elected to become a goldsmith, an interesting choice when one remembers how many early engravers began their careers in that way. Presently, however, to widen his scope, Rushbury turned to stained glass, working as assistant to Henry Payne, R.W.S., on windows and other decorative designs.

FROM ONE MEDIUM TO ANOTHER: Mr. Rushbury works from a conté crayon and colour-wash drawing of Carlton House Terrace as he etches on a zinc plate.

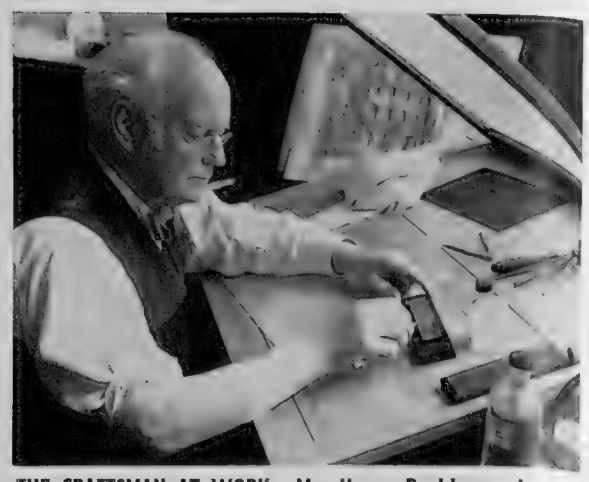
It is certain that his varied activities at the Birmingham School of Art, under Catterson-Smith, were as valuable to Rushbury's artistic development as in the hints they gave him when, long after, he came himself to control the pursuits of the Royal Academy Schools. Students, in his day, were particularly required to memorise for drawing, besides sketching from life, not only in the Life Room, but also amid the bustle of the street, and at the travelling circus and the zoo to which they were taken. It was in those student days that Mr. Rushbury struck up his firm friendship with Mr. Gerald Brockhurst, also destined to become an Academician. After leaving the School of Art, and working for two years in the Cotswold country, it was with Brockhurst that he came to Chelsea in 1912.

Here, in a succession of lodgings, the pair lived, worked, and enjoyed precarious days, Rushbury responding with all his heart and hand to the weathered stone and brick of an older, vanishing London. It was at this period, whilst drawing the old water-gate at the bottom of Essex Street, Strand, that the young artist happened to meet Francis Dodd, who perceived at once the distinction of Rushbury's architectural style. Through Dodd's example and advice, Rushbury now turned to the art of dry-point etching on the copper plate, and with such conviction that he sold his first three plates—"Essex Gate," "Clifford's Inn," and "House-breakers, Lambeth"—to the house of Connell, who, thereafter, remained his publishers. The dramatic contrast of light and shadow in these early prints prefigures much of his later work, while the incidental figures that enliven the scenes proved the value of the Birmingham memory-drawing.

Dry-point, by the way, is so fascinating an art, as simple to describe as it is perilous to practise, that I shall not bore you if I explain, very simply, that the lines are scored into a flat metal plate by a needle. This forces up a ragged ridge of metal, called the "burr," on both sides of the furrow—obviously more on one side than the other if the needle is held at a slant. When the depressions are filled with ink, which is then transferred to paper under pressure, it is evident that some ink will also be retained by the raised "burr." In Rushbury's prints, you notice the skilful use he makes of the "burr" in his dark, velvety shadows, where most ink should be. It follows that when he requires a perfectly clean line, he must scrape the metal ridges away; and, for the finest lines, Rushbury will sometimes use the engraver's tool which digs the cleanest grooves into the metal plate—and might serve him, for instance, in the delicate strokes of a sky. Something else now promptly occurs to you, which you might not have realised before: namely, that every print pulled from the plate is a truly *original* work of art, however many are drawn off by the artist.

This dry-point process Rushbury continued to perfect, at the same time making many drawings, until a change of outlook was demanded by the First World War, when, after a spell in the Services, he was commissioned to make those records of the "London Front" now in the Imperial War Museum. Immediately after the war, and now fairly established as a member of the New English Art Club, Rushbury returned to his copper-plates; and, before long, set off on a drawing tour of the Seine which resulted in a fine plate of the "Château Gaillard," whose romantic ruins dominate the river at Petit Andely.

In the following years of the '20's, perhaps his most fertile period, Rushbury was elected to full membership of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, and of the Royal Water-Colour Society, and continued his explorations in France.



THE CRAFTSMAN AT WORK: Mr. Henry Rushbury sharpens a Tungsten dry-point needle of German invention while at work in his studio at Burlington House. The tracing paper on the wooden screen diffuses the light.

It was in Marseilles that he met Muirhead Bone, who was also drawing the ancient harbour tenements, and whose graphic style came to have a marked influence on the younger artist's. The points of difference, nevertheless—as much of temperament as of technique—are worth noting. In general, Bone's line tends to be more nervous and vigorous, and to reflect a more ebullient personality. By contrast, Mr. Rushbury's work has a more conscious precision, and the distribution of light and shadow is more deliberated; so that the effect he obtains, very often, is an austere grandeur more obviously *studied*, in a sense more "classical," than Bone's. Each artist has, of course, his disparate felicities; and if you study the combination of firmness and delicacy, of light and movement in a print like Rushbury's "*Canal de la Douane, Marseilles*," you must surely recognise the high watermark of dry-point art. Another exquisite plate of this time, is of the "*Ile de la Cité*," Paris, seen from the quay—the huddle of age-old roof-tops, towers, and spires rising above the dark Pont Neuf.

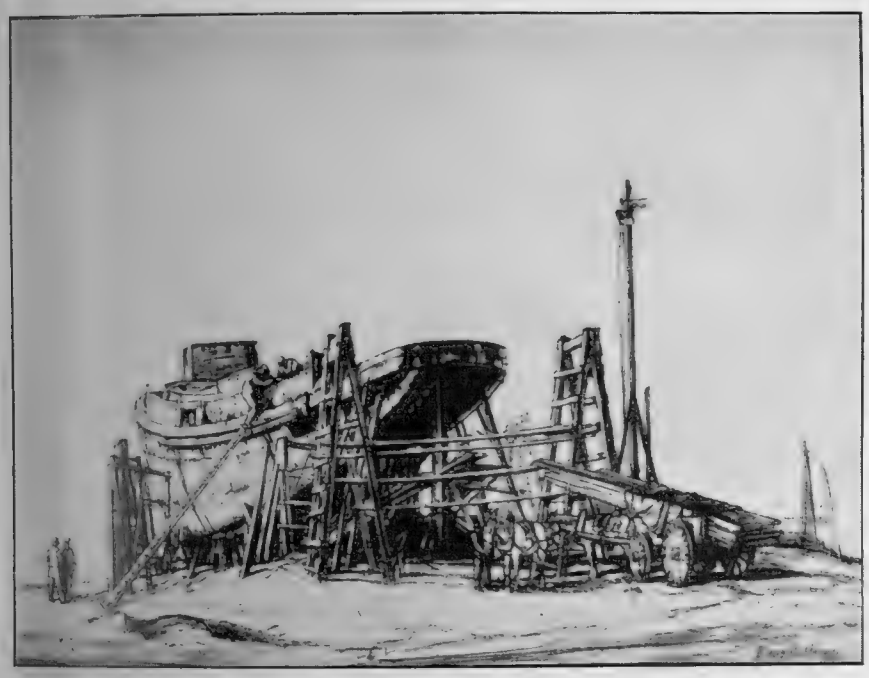
After exploring Provence, Rushbury returned to London to exhibit at the old Grosvenor Gallery some sixty drawings, whose distinction, and power of evoking the *genius loci*, were promptly recognised by connoisseurs. The following year he visited Italy for the first time, going to Florence, Assisi, Orvieto, Siena, San Gimignano, and Rome. At San Gimignano, he made a superb dry-point, looking from his hotel window over the roof to the military prison, its white walls gleaming against the dark panorama of the undulating Tuscan landscape. A similar effect of mingled tranquillity and drama he was to obtain again in Gerona, in 1936, in perhaps his most celebrated print, which reappeared this year in the annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers. Once again the sunlit walls, scarred and pitted with time, are contrasted with the darkness of the distant hills; and so beautifully does Rushbury handle his dry-point needle, and use the "burr," that the deepest shadows somehow preserve a luminosity, under a sky that keeps day lingering with its final glow.

Though the metal plate obviously imposes a discipline far more exacting than drawing on paper, it is interesting that his prints seem more inspired, more directly responsive to his imaginative sensibility, than do his familiar water-colour drawings, fine though these are.

THE ARTIST'S STUDIO AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: The painting of two children above the fire-place is by the forgotten Academician, the Reverend Matthew William Peters, who was elected to the Royal Academy in 1777. Mr. Rushbury has been Keeper of the Royal Academy since 1949 and teaches first-year students in the schools.

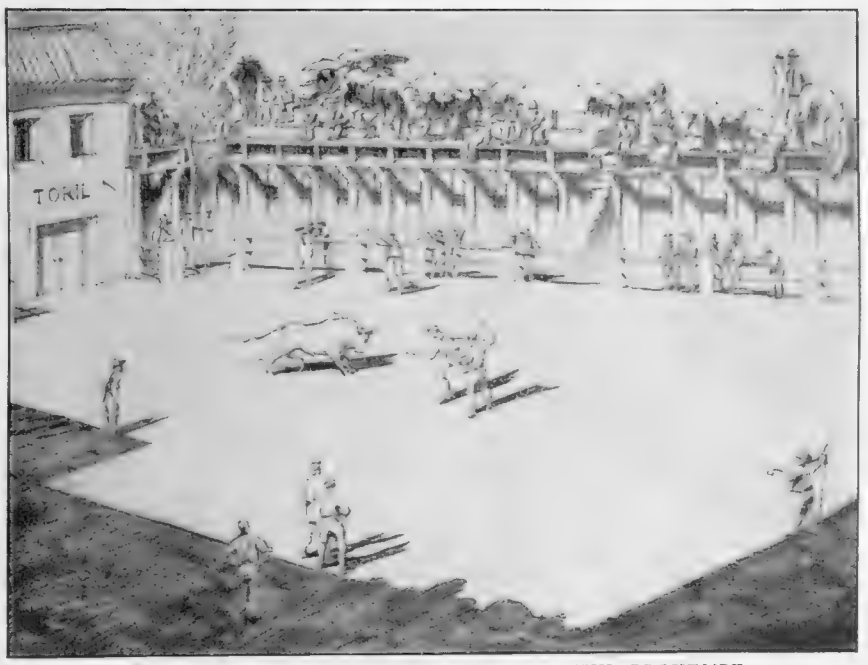
ILE DE LA CITE (1926). A DRY-POINT BY HENRY RUSHBURY, WITH THE PRISON OF THE CONCIERGERIE ON THE EXTREME RIGHT.

The floating bays which were used for washing clothes have not survived the passage of the years. On the right is part of the Conciergerie where Marie-Antoinette was imprisoned and which now occupies the lower level of the Palais de Justice.



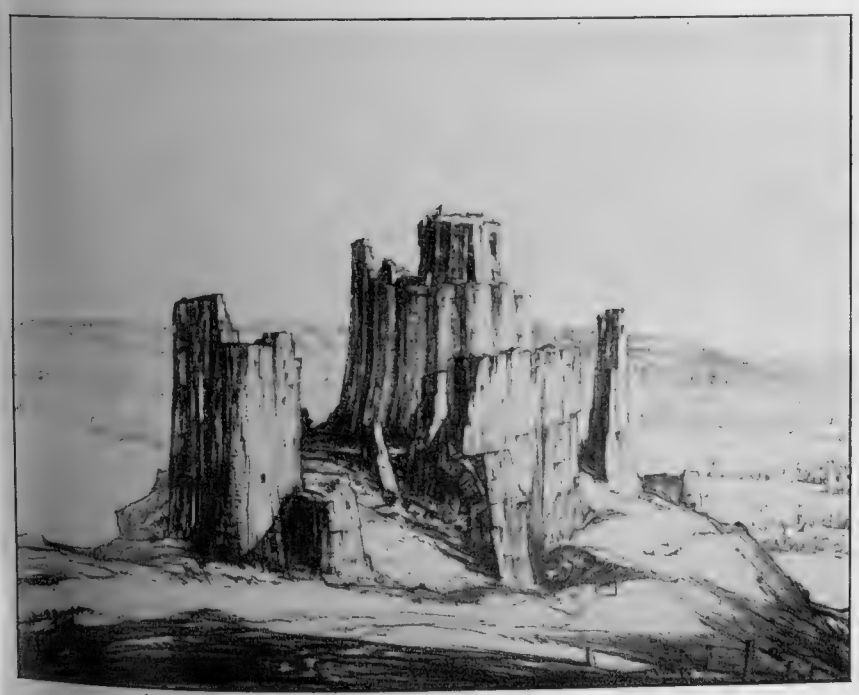
BOAT-BUILDING AT SANDWICH (1920).

It was during the 1920's that Henry Rushbury was elected to full membership of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers and of the Royal Water-Colour Society.



A BLOODLESS BULLFIGHT NEAR LES BAUX, PROVENCE.

The small but sturdy Camargues bull has a rosette on its back which has to be whisked off in a set time by one of the local gallants to win a prize.



CHÂTEAU GAILLARD AT PETIT ANDELY, ON THE SEINE.

Richard I called this castle "Ma fille d'un an." It was built in the twelfth century between 1196-98 but later fell to the French after a five-month siege.

VIEW OF A BRIDGE IN VENICE.

Henry Rushbury visited Italy for the first time in the year following his tour along the Seine and in Provence. By this time he was well established as a member of the New English Art Club.

SOME OF THE MAGNIFICENT TREASURES WHICH ARE TO BE SOLD IN THE COMING WEEKS IN LONDON : *On extreme left*—One of a pair of Yung Chêng cranes; and next to it, the first of a pair of K'ang Hsi vases. Both lots are in an important collection of Chinese enamelled porcelain to be sold at Christie's on April 30. *Left centre*—A Chinese work of art which will be auctioned on April 25 at Christie's with many other lots, the property of the Earl of Derby. It is a large spinach-green jade cylindrical brush pot (Ch'ien Lung, 7¼ ins. high and 7⅝ ins. in diameter). *Centre*—A silver-gilt Elizabethan Magdalen Cup (dated 1573) is in the silver sale at Sotheby's on April 26. *Right*—An Augsburg silver-gilt rosewater ewer and a dish are other items in Sotheby's sale on April 26. The ewer is embossed and chased. Both pieces are probably the work of Hans Ment (*c.* 1580).

LONDON'S SALE ROOMS

Notes on Some Important Forthcoming Sales in the Centre of the World's Fine Art Market

THERE was a time following the war years when it was said that London might have lost its enviable position as the centre of the world's fine art market. Those critics were uninformed and subsequent events have proved them wrong.

If London might for a period have seemed to have had less important sales than before 1939, the quality of the goods now offered by London auction rooms puts them right on top again. London, moreover, has always by tradition been the centre of such art sales. It is admirably placed strategically for such activities. Its auctioneers, the cataloguing which they perform and the manner in which they conduct sales, are of the highest repute. This has a particular appeal for foreign buyers. Yet perhaps the most commendable aspect of London's art auction rooms is the comparatively low rate of sales commission charged compared with similar sale rooms abroad.

Christie's and Sotheby's in London, for example, charge the seller 10 per cent. on lots realising over £100, 12½ per cent. below £100, whereas in New York a charge of 22½ per cent. is made. In Paris, besides an even more substantial sale-room commission, a Government sales tax is also levied. American private collectors in particular have found that it is preferable to send objects of art or whole collections to be sold in London rather than in New York. Even with the inclusion of freight charges to London—and consignment by air is infinitely cheaper, safer and quicker than by ship—it pays to send goods to London. In London, too, art prices remain steadier; in New York they are constantly fluctuating.

BY JAMES WATT'S PARTNER : One of a pair of cut-glass candelabra by Matthew Boulton, for sale on April 27.

There was a particularly interesting example of this in the recent sale in London of the highly important collection of Chinese ceramics assembled over a period of many years by the late Alfred Schoenlicht. The whole collection was sent over from New York for sale at Sotheby's and reached the high total of £27,400. Mrs. Schoenlicht came over from the United States to witness the dispersal.

Now another important American collection has been sent to London. It will be sold at Christie's on April 30, the sixty-eight lots consisting of some outstanding pieces of fine Chinese enamelled porcelain of the K'ang Hsi, Yung Chêng and Ch'ien Lung periods.

Lot 35, for example, discloses an interesting pair of K'ang Hsi *famille verte* oviform jars and covers, 10½ ins. high; lot 57 a pair of 11¼-in.-high K'ang Hsi standing figures of boys, forming candle-holders. A similar pair is in the Salting Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Other Chinese works of art, the property of the Earl of Derby, will be sold at Christie's on April 25.

Of three forthcoming auctions at Sotheby's, a sale of English and Continental silver and plate on April 26 will contain some especially interesting pieces, some of which have been sent for disposal by the Duke of Buccleuch and by Lord Carisbrooke. On the previous day (April 25) Old Master drawings and paintings will be offered in the same rooms; on April 27 some good quality English furniture; and on May 1 and 2 the important Goldblatt Collection of English and Continental porcelain will be auctioned.

The basements of many museums are already overcrowded with art objects because there is insufficient room to display them. Legislation should be enacted to enable them to be sold in the open market, and it is satisfactory to see that, with the permission of the donor Sir William Elderton, the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, is selling a George III Irish dish ring in the April 26 silver sale.

In the same sale, also, is a rare silver-gilt Magdalen Cup of date 1573. According to C. C. Oman, this silver-gilt "Magdaline Cup" is one of only two known to him which can with certainty be classed as such, the other cup of this kind being in crystal with silver-gilt mounts bearing the London date letter for the year 1572.

Among the pieces sent for sale by the Duke of Buccleuch is an attractive set of four early George III double-lipped sauceboats, in the French taste, made by John Parker and Edward Wakelin, 1761. These are engraved with contemporary armorials, the arms being those of William Douglas, Earl of March, who succeeded as 4th Duke of Queensberry in 1778, a Lord of the Bedchamber 1760–89, and a Knight of the Thistle in 1763. Known in later life as "Old Q," he "pursued pleasure under every shape, and with as much ardour at fourscore as he had done at twenty." He died unmarried in 1810, when the Dukedom of Queensberry devolved upon his cousin Henry (Scott), 3rd Duke of Buccleuch.

Continental silver is to-day quickly finding ready foreign buyers in the art auction rooms of London. A fine Renaissance Augsburg silver-gilt rosewater ewer and dish, which will also be a feature of the Sotheby's April 26 sale (lot 136), will be certain to attract spirited bidding.

Another German piece, of date ten years earlier, is an 11¼-in.-high silver-gilt standing cup and cover, thought to be by Michel Flind(t) (Flundt), Nuremberg, *circa* 1570: and there will be yet another German cup and cover, *circa* 1580, by Nicklas Rapp, Ulm.

This sale will also include some particularly attractive English silver of the periods which collectors (and investors) find so desirable: for example, a Queen Anne 8¾-in.-high chocolate pot, marked on the body and on the cover, by Thomas Folkingham, *circa* 1710; a William III monteith by Anthony Nelme, 1696; and a Queen Anne Exeter 13¾-in.-high teakettle complete with lampstand, by J. Elston, 1713.

Among the Old Master paintings and drawings to be sold at Sotheby's on April 25 is a "View of Vicenza," by Francesco Zuccarelli (lot 68). Here the city gate is on the right, with the basilica and the clock-tower beyond on the left. In the middle distance is a view of the Villa Rotonda, with the foothills and the Alps beyond. In the foreground Palladio and his assistant are seen in conversation with a patron.

Italian and Dutch pictures, formerly at Schloss Alt-Doebern, Nieder-Lausitz, have been sent in by Mr. Eugene L. Gabarty. Among the former is an important altar panel by Lorenzo di Niccolò Gerini, with a rare episode from the life of San Giovanni Gualberto of Florence. Sworn to revenge the death of his brother, killed by a knight, Gualberto met the Knight outside S. Miniato al Monte, Florence, drew his sword, but in response to a plea of mercy entered the church with his enemy: whereupon the figure of the crucified Christ bent forward in approbation. Gualberto later founded a monastery of the Benedictine order at Vallombrosa. The halo he wears in the picture foreshadows his canonisation.

Preparatory to the demolition of a wing there some of Mr. John Morant's English furniture from Brokenhurst Park will be auctioned at Sotheby on April 27. There will be a very fine pair of Adam side tables with gilt caryatid supports and elaborat marquetry tops. These came from 17, Park Lane which was furnished by Edward Morant in th 1770's. Also from the same source are derived a super pair of cut-glass table candelabra with ormolu moun by Matthew Boulton and a suite of fourteen giltwoo seat furniture.

Most discerning collectors of works of art spend lifetime in assembling their collections and in studyin by research, the particular subject which has engag their interest. Often it has taken them a score years to find and acquire a single, rare item hither missing from a collection. But not so the Goldbla Collection of English and Continental porcelai Although this has all been collected in comparativ recent years, 263 lots of it are now to be sold at Sotheby on May 1 and 2. It includes English and Italia porcelain, French soft-paste and German hard-pas porcelains and a number of important Meiss examples.

The French factories are well represented by grou s and figures from Mennecy, St. Cloud and Chantil and from Vincennes by a number of unusually importa t pieces. A Vincennes white glazed table group (lot 13), *circa* 1750, incorporating a bearded river god and a naiad, is perhaps the most important white Vincen es group to have survived. It is probably from a model by Louis Fournier, who is recorded as havi g been paid 48 livres for a model of a naiad in 17 7. Among the English pieces, the most important is a pair of 8-in.-high Chelsea "Girl in the Swing" figu es of a girl and a youth. The girl holds a yellow basket and wears a white flowered dress. Both of the figures are supported by tree trunks.

A VALUABLE ENGLISH PORCELAIN PAIR : They are Chelsea figures by the "Girl in the Swing" artist, in the Goldblatt Collection being sold in May.

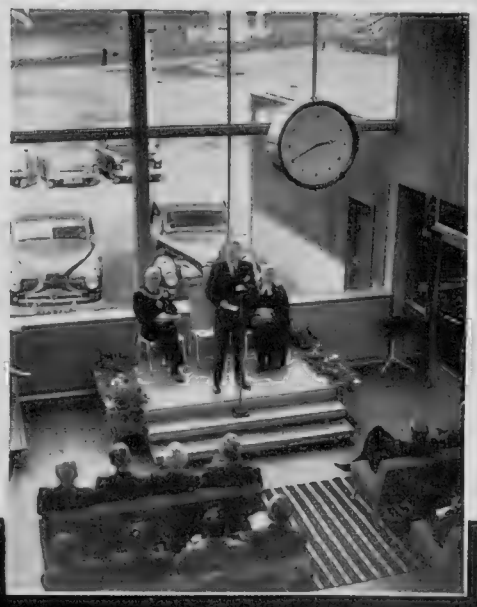
***On right*—**

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF SAN GIOVANNI GUALBERTO : One of the Lorenzo di Niccolò Gerini panels in the sale of Old Masters to be held at Sotheby's next Wednesday.

In Glasgow and Edinburgh

The Duke of Gloucester Unveils the Scots Guards Memorial Window; the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation Opens the New Terminal at Turnhouse Airport

A DAY OF PAGEANTRY IN GLASGOW: The Duke of Gloucester takes the salute at the march past of the 1st Battalion the Scots Guards. Several hundred Old Comrades have also on parade.



right—
NEW AIR TERMINAL EDINBURGH: Mr. Harold Watkinson, Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, declares open the new air terminal at Turnhouse Airport. The building is believed to be one of largest with a wooden interior in Great Britain.

THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER UNVEILS THE MEMORIAL WINDOW TO THE SCOTS GUARDS IN GLASGOW CATHEDRAL: His Royal Highness, as Colonel of the Scots Guards, is standing by the newly unveiled window which is placed on the north side of the Cathedral's west wall. Designed by Mr. H. K. Stammers, it is based on the company badges, which are borne in rotation on the regimental colours. During the service the old colours of the 1st Battalion were laid up in the Cathedral.

A B.E.A. DISCOVERY CLASS VISCOUNT IS DRAWN UP OUTSIDE THE NEW AIR TERMINAL AT TURNHOUSE AIRPORT: Passengers have only a few yards to walk from the plane to the building. The new airport building, which completes a further stage in the development of the airport, was designed by Professor R. H. Matthew, of Edinburgh, and can be added to if required. The cost was £84,000. It is estimated that the terminal will deal with about 70,000 passengers a year.

FILLING IN DENTS AND GASHES

A Plastic Paste is used for Repair Work; News from the Motoring Clubs and Associations; Traffic Problems and Road Improvements; Motoring Sport in Britain

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE insurance companies should be interested in a new plastic paste called "Prestolith," now on sale in Britain. It is what the garage people refer to as a "filler." They use it to fill in dents and gashes in car bodies.

"Prestolith" comes from Germany, and garage men whose judgment I respect say it is the best thing of its kind they have come across. I give it this publicity because I shall always do everything I can to make motoring cheaper. This new filler paste certainly cuts car accident repair bills. Its use should be encouraged by the insurance companies.

It could possibly lead to a reduction in insurance premiums. I often wonder if the insurance people do all they should in the way of checking up on accident repair estimates. I bet they would save thousands of pounds a year if they insisted on the use of "fillers"—not necessarily "Prestolith"—wherever possible instead of expensive panel-bashing. The new product is not on the retail market. It is not intended for use by motorists themselves.

By early summer the Automobile Association hopes to increase to a total of 36,000 square miles the area of the United Kingdom over which it maintains radio contact with its road patrols. This will be achieved by the opening of five new radio control centres in Belfast, Brighton, Dublin, Leicester and St. Helier. Using twenty-seven transmitters, the A.A. will keep in radio touch with 300 patrols.

The Brighton transmitter will be the first of the new installations to come into operation. It will complete the Association's radio network in South-East England. The Belfast and Dublin transmitters will bring radio-assisted motoring to Ireland for the first time. The St. Helier control will give complete coverage in Jersey.

The A.A.'s vast radio "umbrella" has been developed from a single small transmitter put up on the roof of Fanum House, in Leicester Square, in 1949. Last year A.A. men were sent to the aid of 68,000 members whose cars had broken down.

The Minister of Transport has appointed yet another committee to advise him on traffic problems. This time it 's to do with parking in Central London. I should have thought the Minister's expert advisers could have told him all he wants to know about this subject. The appointment of another committee seems a waste of time, even if it has been told to get right on with the job and report inside six months.

I really think, though, that the Minister means business. I wonder if he will remain in the job long enough to get his teeth into the many problems of his Department. This remark is no reflection on Mr. Harold Watkinson's ability. On the contrary. But there have been so many changes at this particular Ministry in recent years that one already begins to speculate on how long the present Minister will sit in his present chair.

If he stays long enough, I think he is going to make things really difficult for habitual long-term street-parkers in Central London. A motorist himself, he none the less thinks it is wrong for any driver to bring his car up to London every day and leave it parked all day, without payment, on a valuable patch of highway measuring perhaps 15 ft. by 6 ft.

He has asked his ten-man committee, under Alexander Samuels, to inspect all the streets, squares and mews in Central London and divide them into three possible classes: (1) No-parking streets, with a rigorous enforcement of the ban; (2) streets suitable for short-term parking at a reasonable fee; and (3) streets where all-day parking may be permitted "at a relatively high price."

The Minister's idea is to drive long-term parkers off the streets into the car parks and garages. If there isn't enough off-street accommodation for them—and there isn't—he thinks private enterprise and local authorities will be willing to build multi-storey garages for them. "But they won't do so," the Minister says, in effect, "unless we can guarantee the right number of customers by driving long-term parkers off the streets."

From London's Royal Festival Hall the other day there set out an eighty-four-year-old stage-coach en route to Leeds. But at Marble Arch the old coach stopped. The horses were unharnessed. And, so help me, the old coach was loaded on to a lorry.

"The roads of Britain are no longer fit for stage-coaches to travel at speed," explained an official of the Roads Campaign Council, who had hired the ancient vehicle. The stage-coach, symbolic of a more leisurely age when good roads did not present such a big national problem, is to spearhead a twenty-four-town crusade to help draw public attention to the inadequacy of Britain's road system. It will be visiting a big town every week in company with a caravan containing a roads exhibition and five mobile cinema vans.

Launching the crusade in London, Mr. Stuart Malcolm, President of the Motor Agents' Association and a member of the Roads Campaign Council, described the motoring community as the nation's New Depressed. "They pay nearly £500,000,000 a year in road-user taxes," he said, "but in return, in the financial year just ended, the Government spent on new roads and major improvements only one-halfpenny out of every half-crown they extracted from the motoring community."

The Rootes Group has announced a de luxe version of the Humber Hawk. It costs £22 10s. more than the standard model, including purchase tax, total price being £1,096 7s. It has walnut veneered cappings and pleated leather rolls across the instrument facia and along the top of the door panels.

Equipment includes a windscreen washer, and dual-colour schemes are available at no extra cost. The Hawk touring limousine gets all the de luxe frills without change of price.

Motor sport in Britain got away to a good start at Easter, though the deaths of two drivers at Goodwood provided a sad reminder that it is a dangerous pastime.

VETERAN CARS FOR THE MONTAGU MOTOR MUSEUM AT BEAULIEU ABBEY, HAMPSHIRE: They will be seen in the enlarged and rehoused museum, which will be opened to-morrow (Sunday) by Lord Brabazon of Tara. The two cars are a 1907 French-built Unic (left), over 7½ ft. high, which was in regular use as a London taxi; and a 1906 35-h.p. Daimler tourer, a former winner at the International Shelsley Walsh Hill-Climb. At the same time as the enlarged motor museum is opened, Geoff. Duke, the world motor-cycle racing champion, will perform a similar ceremony at an adjoining motor-cycle museum. This will be the first of its kind in the world and the exhibits will range from the 1¼-h.p. Beeston tricycle, built at Coventry in 1897, to recent winners on the T.T. course in the Isle of Man.

This should be a good season for motor-racing. We have some good cars and some even better drivers. How heartening it was to see at Goodwood a British Connaught keeping in front of one of the latest Italian Maseratis driven by Stirling Moss. The driver of that Connaught was Archie Scott-Brown, twenty-eight-year-old Cambridge engineer, who has put himself in the front rank of British racing motorists in spite of the fact that he drives virtually with only one hand.

The Vanwalls, Connaughts and B.R.M.s should ensure that Britain is not disgraced this year on the racing circuits of Europe. All three teams are expected to be in action in the Monaco Grand Prix at Monte Carlo on May 13.

This is the time of year for the hardy annuals. I refer to the various guide books that come out every twelve months round about this time. They include the handbooks issued to members by the Royal Automobile Club and the Automobile Association. That of the A.A. was in the hands of more than 1,700,000 members by Easter.

For the first time the hotel section uses a new symbol—a rosette—to indicate hotels whose food and restaurant facilities are better than might be suggested by the number of stars awarded it as a hotel.

The R.A.C. handbook (which also uses the new rosettes) has been completely revised and remodelled. It now has 935 pages—nearly 50 more than last year—including a new coloured atlas of the British Isles on a bigger scale than previously: 10 miles to the inch instead of 16.

For those who are intending to go touring on the Continent this year the 1956 editions of the *Michelin Guide* (22s.) and the *R.A.C. Continental Handbook* (7s. 6d.) will be of special interest. Of particular value to motorists who want to make their currency allowance go as far as possible is the extended section of the *Michelin Guide* listing 144 restaurants in more than 100 French towns where a "particularly well-prepared meal" may be obtained for not more than 700 francs all in.

The *R.A.C.'s Continental Handbook* is much wider in its scope, geographically speaking. It deals with sixteen countries in great detail. Some 4,000 hotels are listed, with information about the latest tariffs, the number of rooms, and so on. It even tells you if English is spoken at the listed hotels and whether they have garage or parking facilities.

TAKING A CAR TO THE CONTINENT: A motorist receives advice from an A.A. Patrol Officer in the car assembly park at Dover, while waiting to board the ferry for Calais. *On right*—At the Silver City Airways Airport an A.A. officer assists with the loading of a car on to an air freighter. In 1937, 19,879 motorists took their cars across to the Continent for their holiday. Since then the number has increased enormously and motorists are now booking accommodation earlier than ever to be sure of a passage. This year the A.A. are expecting that about 150,000 motorists will apply for Foreign Touring Documents for passage by either sea or air. Up to the end of March there had been 31,811 applications, which is a record for the first three months of any year. For the convenience of its members the A.A. issues a special booklet entitled "Going Abroad?" This is a most informative publication and explains in detail the procedure for arranging a Continental tour, and of the assistance given by the A.A.

For War and Peace

A New U.S. Submarine; Naval Craft for Burma; the Second "Empress" Liner

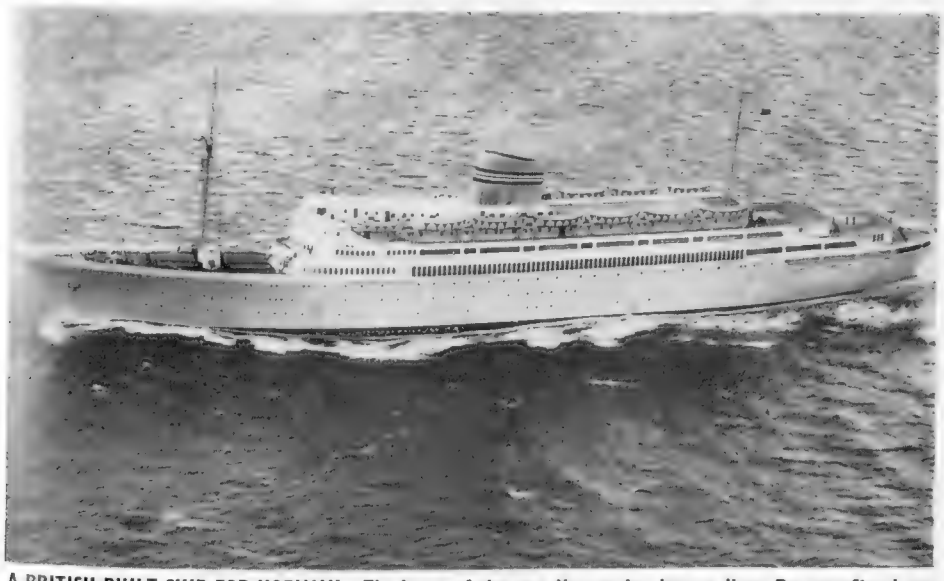
THE "SEA BLIMP" ON TRIALS: The United States Navy's high-speed experimental submarine *Albacore* sails out of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for a trial. The submarine is nicknamed the "Sea Blimp" because in appearance she is like the U.S. naval airship. Only some 200 ft. in length, the hull section is almost a perfect round. Many details of *Albacore's* performance are secret, but she is reported to have a very high speed, although driven by a single propeller. According to some reports she is faster than the U.S. atomic submarine *Nautilus*, is intended to have an underwater speed of 40 knots, and should be able to submerge for a very long period.

On right—

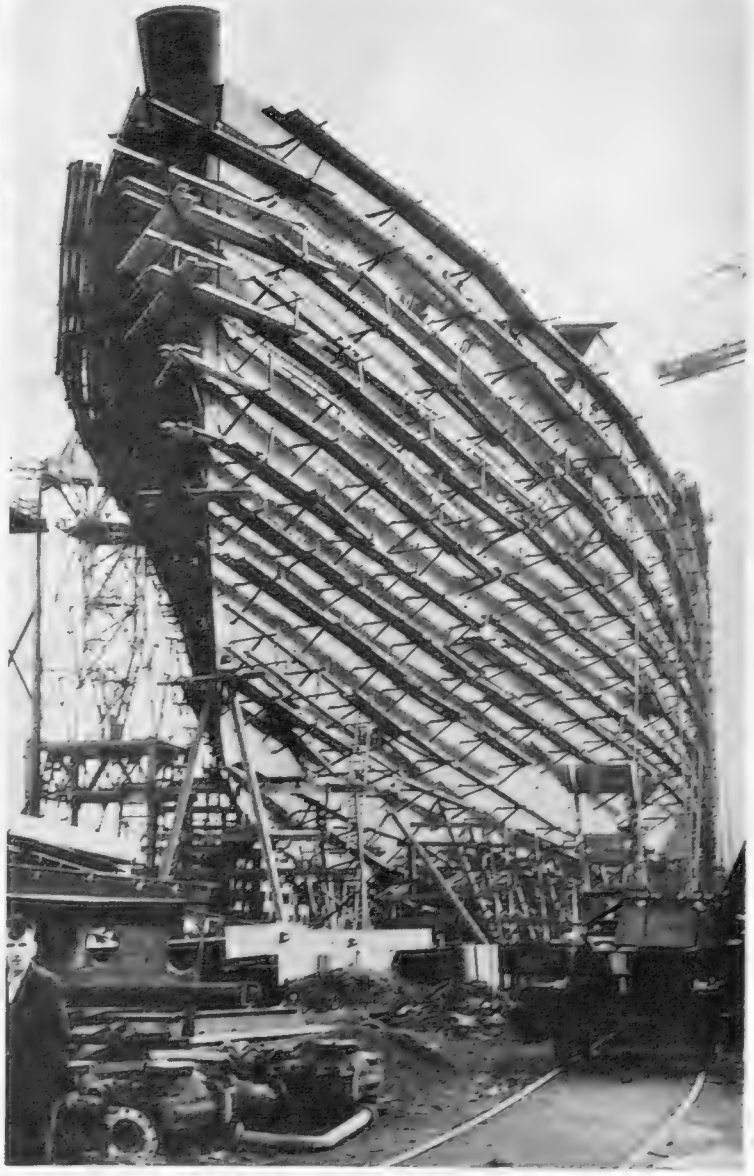
THE BOWS SUBMERGE: This picture of the *Albacore* nosing below the surface was taken from her bridge and gives a clear idea of her unique structure.

THE HIGH CONNING-TOWER: Unusually thin, it stands high above the bows as the *Albacore* leaves stern first for her latest trial. She will be used as an underwater target vessel for training purposes.

FAST PATROL BOAT FOR THE BURMESE NAVY: The T.201 moves down the estuary at Beaumaris, Anglesey. Aboard are the Burmese Ambassador to Britain, U Kyin, and Madame Kyin, who had just performed the launching ceremony. The vessel is the first of a number of fast patrol boats being built for the Burmese Navy by Messrs. Saunders-Roe (Anglesey) Ltd., in their yard at Beaumaris. She is fitted with an aluminium skin, which will not be troubled by rot and worm which affect wooden hulls in tropical waters. Main power is provided by two Napier diesel-electric engines. No petrol is needed on the craft and the risk of fire is greatly reduced.



A BRITISH-BUILT SHIP FOR NORWAY: The bows of the new Norwegian luxury liner *Bergensfjord* cut through the North Sea during her trials. Built by Messrs. Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson Ltd., in their yard at Wallsend-on-Tyne, she will be handed over next month to her owners, the Norwegian-America Line. The 18,000-ton liner reached a maximum speed of 23.84 knots and on four double runs averaged 22.1 knots. Stabilisers kept her steady in heavy seas.



THE SISTER SHIP TO THE "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN": The new Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of England* begins to show her graceful shape on the stocks in the yard at Walker-on-Tyne of Messrs. Vickers-Armstrong Ltd. She will be of the same gross tonnage, 26,000 tons, as the *Empress of Britain*, which was due to start her maiden voyage to Canada from Britain yesterday. The *Empress of England* is to be launched on May 9 by Lady Eden, the wife of the Prime Minister. The new *Empress*, like her sister ship, will be some 600 ft. long, have a service speed of 21 knots and carry about 1,050 passengers. It is estimated that her cost will be nearly £5,500,000.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

VICTORY IN THE JUNGLE

Field-Marshal Slim on the "Soldiers' War" in Burma; More Truman Memoirs; A Christian's Faith and Compassion; Three Novels Preoccupied with Ideology

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM'S magnificent book on the Burma campaign makes, without any doubt, the most inspiring as well as the most bitter reading of the week. It is possible to argue that the whole of the first phase, with its rear-guard actions and painful withdrawals, was unnecessary. It was inevitable that, after Singapore, Burma must fall. But this part of the war is a matter of history, and since it prefaced Sir William's appointment as Commander of the newly-formed Fourteenth Army and the beginning of the drive back through the jungle, it is a necessary phase in the record.

DEFEAT INTO VICTORY (Cassell. 25s.) is, as it should be, a general's book, preoccupied with matters of high strategy and with the overall pictures of progressive campaigns, but it is also a book in which the writer hardly ever loses sight of the men themselves and in his closing paragraph he writes that the final impression which he would wish people to take from his book is that "the war in Burma was a *soldiers'* war." What he does not add is that those soldiers were superbly led and fought under one of the greatest of our commanders, whom his men knew as Bill Slim.

The second volume of Mr. Harry S. Truman's memoirs, YEARS OF TRIAL AND HOPE (Hodder and Stoughton. 30s.), covers the post-war period from 1946, with Mr. Truman in office as President of the United States, to January 1953, when that power and position was transferred to Mr. Eisenhower. Like the earlier volume this has a simplicity of style that is curiously effective in the main, even when matters of immense political significance are under discussion. Mr. Truman has never had the reputation of being either devious or over-subtle and so it is with his writing.

In his admirable opening lines, the ex-President tells us that "within the first few months I discovered that being a President is like a man riding a tiger. He has to keep on riding or be swallowed. . . . I never felt that I could let up for a single moment." No frills here, you will observe, but on the contrary a very human statement by a man who keeps a sense of proportion even in power: a man who also writes: "What kept me going in 1945 was my belief that there is far more good than evil in men and that it is the business of government to make the good prevail." It would, however, be misleading to assume that all Mr. Truman's opinions and utterances are on this lofty plane. In these pages there is ample evidence that Mr. Truman knows all about the cut and thrust of party political life.

GESTAPO (Putnam. 21s.) is Mr. Edward Crankshaw's history of what he calls the "Instrument of Tyranny," and it might well become the definitive study of the subject. Mr. Crankshaw, who is perhaps better known as an authority on Russia, provides that essential framework of a beginning, a middle and an end (which always seems such an easy task for a writer and is often so neglected by them), and he does more still. He explains, even before he embarks on the history proper of this notorious force, that those apologists who would have it that there was no difference between the Gestapo and M.I.5 or the American F.B.I. are making a profound mistake.

"The political police of Britain and America . . . exercise a purely defensive function, designed to uphold a *status quo* sanctioned by the people as a whole. The German Gestapo, on the other hand, was an instrument not of defence but of attack. . . . Throughout its career it was an instrument of aggression."

The book as a whole makes terrible reading, in spite of the writer's moderation and his avoidance of any of the shock tactics that would have been so easy to use

Father Trevor Huddleston is a member of the Community of the Resurrection, a monastic order within the Church of England, which was founded by Bishop Gore sixty-odd years ago. In 1943 he was sent to South Africa by his Community and later became Provincial of the order there, and superintendent of a school which has been called "the black Eton." He has now been recalled to England but not before he had become a legend in South Africa, nicknamed "the dauntless one" by his black friends and much loved for his humour and the gaiety of his spirit, by those same companions.

In other places, as we know, he was regarded as a menace, and a South African Cabinet Minister declared publicly that "in the Middle Ages people like Huddleston would have been burnt at the stake." Father Huddleston's own book, NAUGHT FOR YOUR COMFORT (Collins. 12s. 6d.), is the testament of his faith, and the challenging expression of what he feels a Christian's faith should be. His picture of the

THE FIRST DINNER OF THE CRIME WRITERS' ASSOCIATION: Three of the guests at the London dinner are (from left) Michael Gilbert, Josephine Bell and John Creasey. The occasion was marked by the first award of a trophy to be given annually by the writer of the best crime story. The first winner is Winston Graham, who is the author of *The Little Walls*.

Johannesburg he knows and the black shanty towns—if they can be so dignified—near that big, prosperous city, his comments on the result of the *apartheid* policy, his delight when the Negro boys form, bit by bit, a jazz band and name it after him, his compassion for hopeless tragedy; all these combine to make this book much more than just another provocative picture of black South Africa and white South Africa, and the chasm in between.

Mr. Cyril Hughes Hartmann, in his new biography, has written about a figure of the eighteenth-century English stage who really seems to have deserved the name and title of Charmer. She was young, she was pretty, and her histrionic powers were for a time equal even to appearances with David Garrick. She was the ENCHANTING BELLAMY (Heinemann. 25s.), an eighteenth-century actress whose delightful stage and private manners were not proof against a peculiarly savage bunch of creditors. George Anne Bellamy was much loved in her life and found one or two protectors who could have been accounted solid men. Nevertheless, as the talent which was so closely allied to her fresh attraction withered, she went into a social decline, still hounded by the duns. Mr. Hartmann has written of her with great compassion and with an appreciation of that ephemeral enchantment which must have been hers.

The enthusiasm of the man who has heard the first cuckoo is as nothing to the enthusiasm of the man who has discovered the first literary trend of the season. Here I report an Anglo-American preoccupation with youngish men (thirty to thirty-five) who are Terribly Worried about their Futures—half on a financial and half on an ideological basis. The premise in all three of the following novels is that the young men are to be pitied.

MR. HAMISH GLEAVE (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) is the story of a civil servant of the described age who is a member of the Foreign Office, has a very intelligent wife and children (in Beaconsfield), mistress (off Knightsbridge and off-colour too), and is a chronic case of the "where-are-we-all-heading-fors." In the end he runs for it and the parallel with the Burgess-Maclean case is not so much close as digging one in the ribs. Nevertheless, Mr. Richard Llewellyn's story isn't completely convincing in spite of the admirable local London-Paris-Bucks colour.

THE MAN IN THE GREY FLANNEL SUIT (Cassell. 12s. 6d.) has his problems too, but they are on personal rather than political or ideological grounds. Mr. Sloan Wilson's hero is a man who has been a paratrooper in the war, has killed seventeen men in the course of duty, had an idyllic affair on a Roman leave and, as the story opens, is in a fair way to becoming a full-time neurotic in spite of his existence with a pretty wife, two healthy sons and a steady if not brilliant financial future. Everything is ironed out (I think that's the appropriate phrase) in the end and our hero is left with a clear conscience, an amorous wife and a chance of making quite a bit of money. All right, perhaps, and tidy, certainly, but one is left with the odd feeling that these are adult problems handled in too fairy-tale a way.

There is a dim figure, a kind of prototype of the mysterious and powerful millionaire who wishes it were all different, in the last book and he recurs in Mr. Cameron Hawley's novel about biggish business: CASH McCALL (Hammond and Hammond. 16s.). The two characters are far from identical, of course. The first one is unhappily married and an unsuccessful father and has substituted twenty-hour-a-day work for a more normal routine. Mr. Hawley's fellow in the title-role is just as devoted to the pursuit of a quick buck but is unmarried, childless and only on the threshold of rectifying that situation. The author of *Executive Suite* has not quite done the same thing again, but he has given the reader an unforgettable picture of Pennsylvania business politics and of the hypnotic, blinkered interest that can be devoted to them. Mr. Hawley overwrites and has the same concern for fitting each noun with an adjective as a philanthropist might have for an orphan and an overcoat, but to the lay reader he is, spasmodically, extremely readable and, to the reader informed on deals and mergers very readable indeed

The one adventure novel that I have read this week is highly to be recommended since it comes from the pen of Mr. Victor Canning. THE HIDDEN FACE (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is an exciting and ingenious tale, and with a magnificent scene of suspense played out in one of the tropical houses at Kew Gardens.

AMAZING PRISONER

The Case of Robert Stroud

Truth is stranger than fiction and imagination lags behind reality. No novelist could have conceived the fantastic story of BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ (Gollancz. 16s.), which is an account by Thomas E. Gaddis of the life of Robert Stroud, Convict No. 594 in the United States Federal Prison of Alcatraz. Stroud, aged sixty-six, has been in gaol since 1909 and in solitary confinement since 1916. (It is doubtful whether any of the present British prison population, apart from criminal lunatics, were sentenced before the beginning of the last war.) Stroud has two murders on his record, both crimes of passion rather than premeditation. His second killing was the murder of a prison warder. For this he was sentenced to death. After a long and dramatic four years' legal battle he was reprieved on the threshold of the scaffold by President Wilson, his sentence being commuted to life imprisonment.

Then the astonishing fantasy begins. Confined in solitude in Leavenworth Gaol. he picked up some sparrow fledglings in the exercise yard. His interest was aroused and helped by relatives, friends and sympathetic prison officials, this prisoner, entirely untutored in science, developed into a first-class ornithologist. His cell was filled with cages, mainly of canaries; he was allowed to set up a crude laboratory in it; he discovered cures for diseases hitherto fatal to birds; he contributed to bird magazines and gave valuable advice by post to bird owners all over the country. He wrote what is still a standard and very comprehensive *Digest of the Diseases of Birds*. However, he was transferred to Alcatraz, without his birds. Here he was a valuable influence in quieting the notorious mutiny in 1946, and has addressed numerous petitions to the authorities for parole. Ailing and embittered he has tried to commit suicide and now waits "for pardon or death." From the first page one is compelled to read this story abounding in the beauty and brutality of which men are capable.

In the immediate post-war years, Salvatore Giuliano was a hero to the Sicilians, but was outlawed by the Italian Government, for he led a movement to separate Sicily from Italy. He pursued his end by violent methods until he was assassinated in mysterious circumstances in 1950. GOD PROTECT ME FROM MY FRIENDS (Longmans, 18s.), by Gavin Maxwell, sets out to solve the mystery of Giuliano's death. As the title implies, the author believes the Sicilian was betrayed by his followers. This is not everybody's book, but it is important to those interested in the Mafia.

"To compress the story of 3,000 million years into less than 300 pages is an ambitious and perhaps foolhardy task." So writes Richard Carrington at the opening of his A GUIDE TO EARTH HISTORY (Chatto and Windus. 21s.). His disclaimer is entirely unnecessary, for he has succeeded admirably in his purpose. Starting from the origins of the earth, 3,000,000,000 years ago, he takes us in comfortable stages through the growth of the first organisms, the evolution of the vertebrates—they began flying 1,000,000,000 years ago—past the monstrous array of dinosaurs and brontosaurs and the mammals and the apes to the final arrival of Man, who as *Homo Sapiens* is no more than 75,000 years old. Mr. Carrington's skill lies in the simplicity of his exposition Charts which are easy to understand and splendid illustrations by Maurice Wilson of the grotesque shapes from which we derive add to the worth of a volume which is far more fascinating than any science fiction

Not a hundred miles from London is an area which has more links with the distant past and pre-history than any other in England. It is described in the latest addition to the Regional Books, BRECKLAND, by Olive Cook (Robert Hale. 18s.). This country is an area often neglected by travellers and lies on the borders of Suffolk and Norfolk with Thetford as its centre. Miss Cook maintains the very high standard set in this series, avoiding all those tedious details about garages and hotels common to many guide-books. What one does learn about is the nature, the archæology, the history, the literature, the geography, the architecture and the individual characters of the people of the district. The book, with its fine photographs, is an ideal companion

North America, too, still offers much to those who would study Nature in its remote fastness. Dr. Fraser Darling, Senior Lecturer in Ecology and Conservation in the University of Edinburgh, has made a series of journeys there in recent years. The result is his new book, PELICAN IN THE WILDERNESS (Allen and Unwin. 25s.). The author ranges from the Arctic Circle down to Mexico. His first concern is to examine areas which can properly be called natural. Dr. Darling is rarely dry or academic, for he enlivens his pages with many amusing anecdotes.

Mr. Percy S. Crane is a garden architect of international repute. In THE EARTH IS MY CANVAS (Methuen. 42s.), he describes, with illustrations, some thirty gardens for which he has been responsible in Britain and elsewhere. They include the surroundings of palaces, country houses, town mansions, public gardens and, a surprise probably to most journalists, the courtyard garden of Hoare's Bank in Fleet Street. This is a book by an artist which will delight all who feel the need for space in our crowded society.

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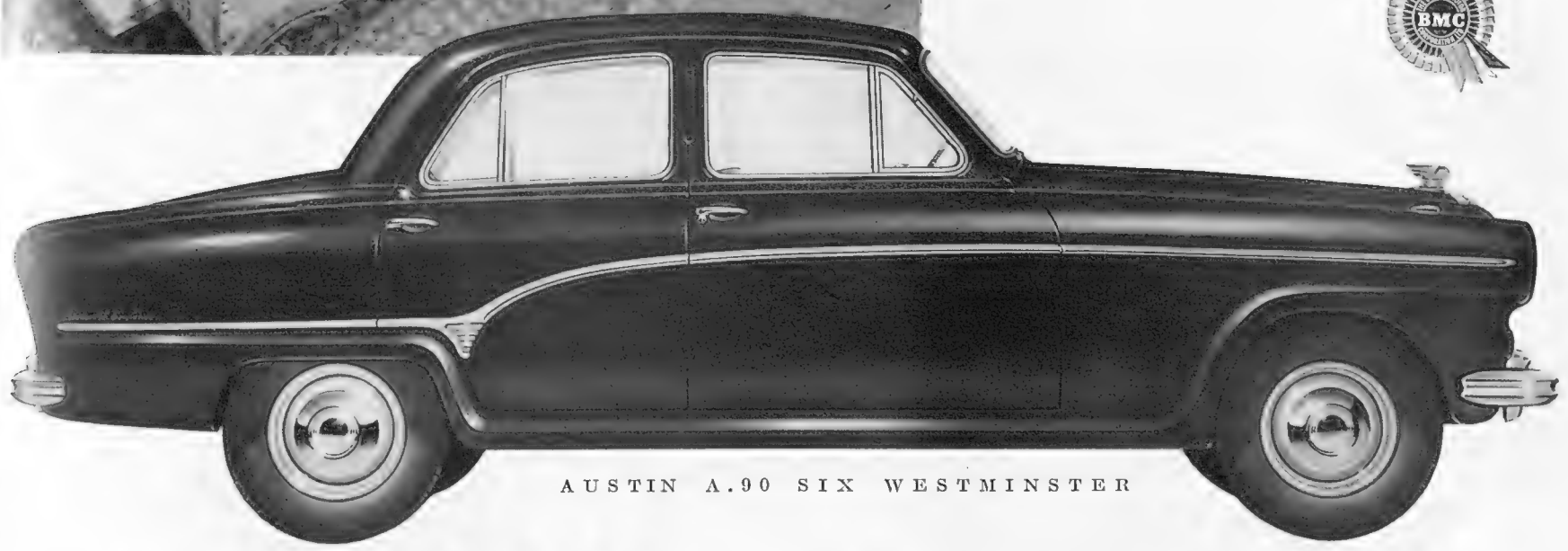

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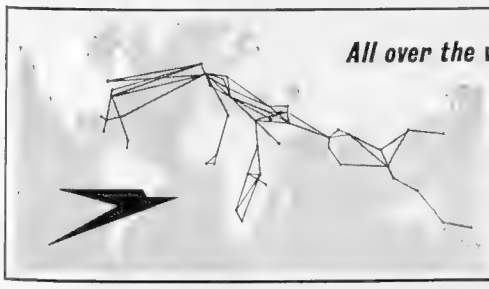

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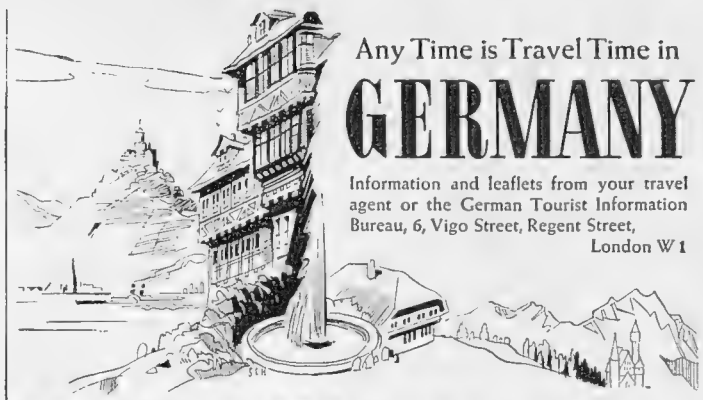

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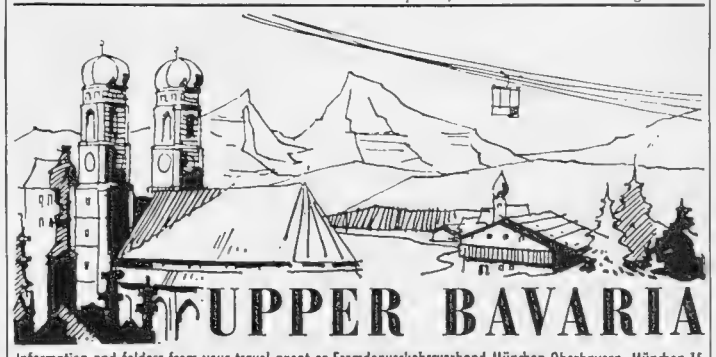

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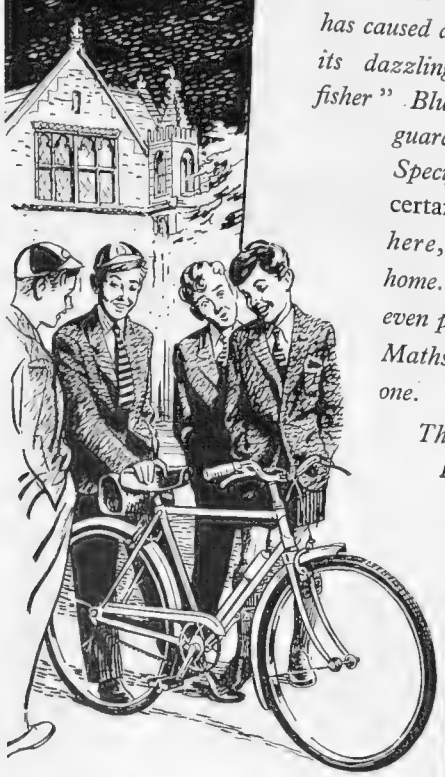

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Thanks again, Dad,
Love to Mother,
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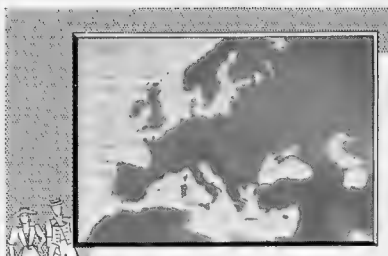

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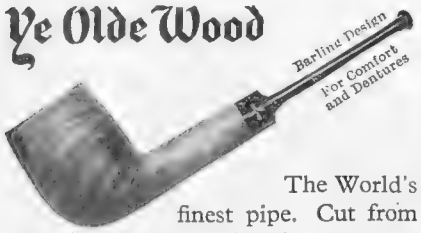

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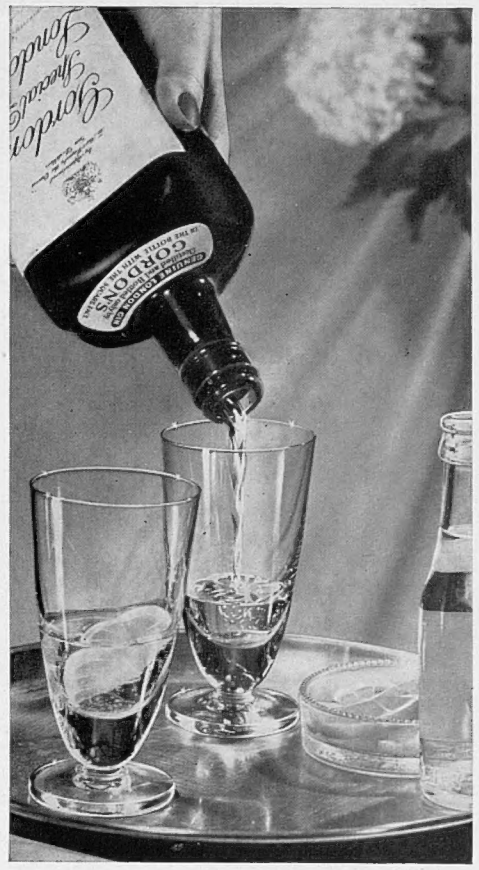
Gin and Orange. For a short-and-sweet, have equal quantities of Gordon's and Orange Squash. Reduce the orange for a semi-sweet. For a long drink, add soda water.

P.S.—Busy barmen appreciate clear orders, e.g., "Gordon's with a dash of orange, please."



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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195–198, *Strand, London, W.C.2.*

THIS week I am going to outline a fortnight's tour in Scotland. We start at Edinburgh and, remembering my advice of last week, stay outside Scotland's capital and arrive refreshed and reinvigorated, thus enabling us to absorb her more fully, both historically and scenically. *Two nights* should be earmarked for Edinburgh; which hotel shall we choose? The George, The Roxburghe, The North British Station, the Caledonian, The Royal British, The Braid Hills, quietly situated on the outskirts, or The Carlton, a Trust House.

On leaving Edinburgh an early start should be made in order not to have to hurry unduly over a route along which the Highlands of Scotland slowly reveal their grandeur. These are the places to visit and mileages (recommended hotels in brackets): Edinburgh–Stirling, 35 miles (Golden Lion Hotel); Aberfoyle, a gateway to the Trossachs, 20 miles (Bailie Nicol Jarvie Hotel). Then through the Trossachs to Callander, 11 miles of magnificent scenery (Roman Camp Hotel), on to Lochearnhead, 14 miles (Lochearnhead Hotel), and another 16 miles to Crianlarich (Crianlarich Hotel). Now follows a fine, metalled, moorland road to Tyndrum, Dalmally, and along the north bank of Loch Awe to Oban, a final 42 miles, a 138-mile run in all.

I have allowed *three nights* either in or close to Oban, for here is a tourist centre where wise motorists give themselves and their cars a rest by making use of the excellent fleet of steamer excursions which ply from Oban to many points of the Western Isles. Recommended hotels are The Alexandra, at the quiet north end, the smaller Corriemar, both overlooking the land-girt sea, and, five miles outside the town, The Falls of Lora Hotel—you will pass it coming in.

Leaving Oban, there is the choice of two routes. Either retrace your tracks through Dalmally as far as Tyndrum and down through the Pass of Glencoe towards Ballachulish; or the journey can be shortened by crossing the Connel Railway Bridge Ferry and follow the coast road to Ballachulish. At the latter, instead of taking the ferry, follow the 18-mile run around Loch Leven and you will thus enjoy one of the finest scenic stretches in Scotland. The distance from Oban via Connel Ferry and the coast road and round Loch Leven is approximately 67 miles, and via Glencoe and again round Loch Leven it is about 85 miles.

Fort William is unattractive in itself, but The Alexandra Hotel is so comfortable and so well run that I advocate a *two-night* stay here, with the choice of two motoring excursions on the second day. For something quite out of the ordinary, make an early start and catch the ferry from Corran to Ardgour across Loch Linnhe and, via The Strontian Hotel, make for the Kilchoan Hotel, 53 miles from Fort William and about the farthest west that you will find such supreme comfort and good food in Scotland. I do advise you to ring up first and see if they can give you a meal. Telephone number: Kilchoan 200.

A more usual drive is that from Fort William to Mallaig, 48 miles. It can be done by train, but somehow the scenery is never the same as seen from one's own car. Fort William to Inverness, following the Caledonian Canal and Loch Ness, is 66 miles of undiluted perfection in scenery. Should you want to halt awhile en route, the following hotels are recommended: Invergarry Hotel, where they specialise in arranging stalking and fishing, Glenmoriston Hotel, where in season Jean Alexander can initiate you into the best ways of cooking grouse, and The Lewiston Arms, near Drumnadrochit, where Colonel and Mrs. Malcolm can show you, if not the Loch Ness Monster, a photograph of this mysterious beast.

Now on to Inverness, and a fine road all the way to Nairn, an 82-mile run from Fort William which allows plenty of time at Nairn to enjoy the sea breezes, the views across the Moray Firth, the greensward and perhaps the golf links of this quiet resort. Of its various types of hotels, it has two which are outstanding: The Golf View, one of the Eglinton group, and The Newton Hotel, most efficiently run by the Misses Ellis. Next come *two nights* spent amid the pine-scented, balmy air of Speyside. A friend has recommended Nethy Bridge; wise advice indeed, if in the same breath one thinks in terms of The Nethy Bridge Hotel, one of the best family hotels in Scotland, where there is everything to suit both young and old.

Given good visibility, now follows another of Scotland's finest runs, the 40-mile drive up and over the moors to Tomintoul and down to Ballater, and another 42 miles along Deeside to Aberdeen. Rather than stay in this "Granite City," I would advocate *two nights* spent 18 miles short, at Banchory. Those who like to be near shops and the River Dee will choose Tor-na-Coille Hotel, set back in its own grounds off the Deeside Road (it is a great favourite among salmon fishermen), while others, who enjoy a country-house atmosphere, will repair to The Raemoir Hotel, set on the hillside above the town and on a branch road to Aberdeen. One day might well be spent shopping and sightseeing in Aberdeen, and the other stretching one's legs over the surrounding moors, prior to the return journey southward.

For those whose first visit it is to Scotland, I feel that they should retrace their car tracks along Deeside, so that they can see Braemar and enjoy that magnificent scenery which lies around the Devil's Elbow–Spittal of Glenshee road. Just short of the latter, if it is about lunchtime, note the signboards to Dalmunzie House Hotel, a mile off the road in its own policies. Here you will feel in Scotland's very heart. Continue to Pitlochry, where you could stay at Fisher's Hotel for the night, or, if time permits, you can continue southwards to Dunkeld House Hotel, a lovely mansion on the banks of the Tay. Mileage for the day? Banchory–Braemar is 40, Braemar–Spittal of Glenshee 15, on to Pitlochry 25, and another 13 to Dunkeld. You might even reach The Royal George at Perth, a further 15 miles.

In my next article I will conclude the journey back to Sussex once again, avoiding the A.1, steering clear for the most part of all industrialism, and each night sleeping free from all traffic noises.

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On the sunny Fifeshire coast, within three-quarters of an hour's reach of Edinburgh, this most comfortably furnished hotel is famous for its cuisine and cellar, and as a holiday headquarters has every amenity close at hand: Golf, Fishing, Tennis, Boating and Bathing. Tel.: Aberdour 8.

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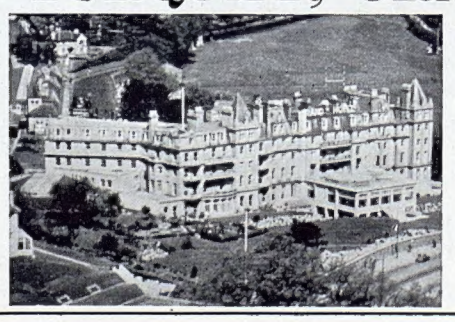

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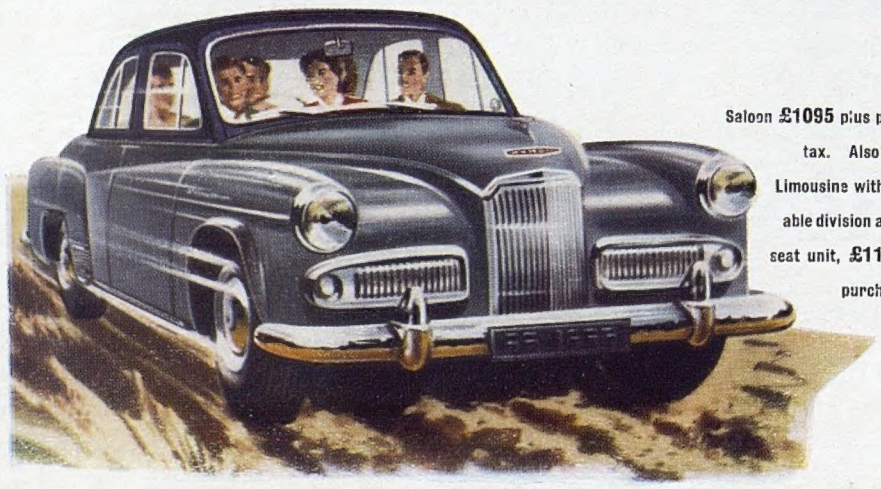

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